

JOHN

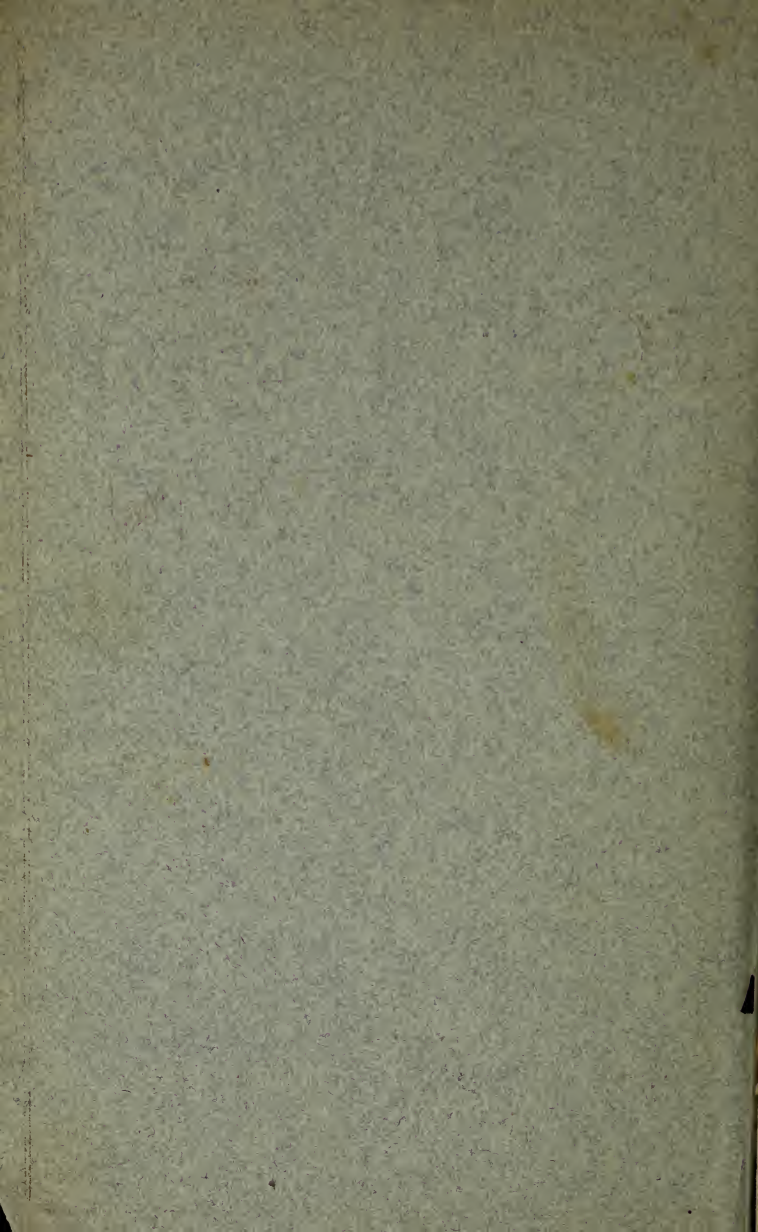


BROWN

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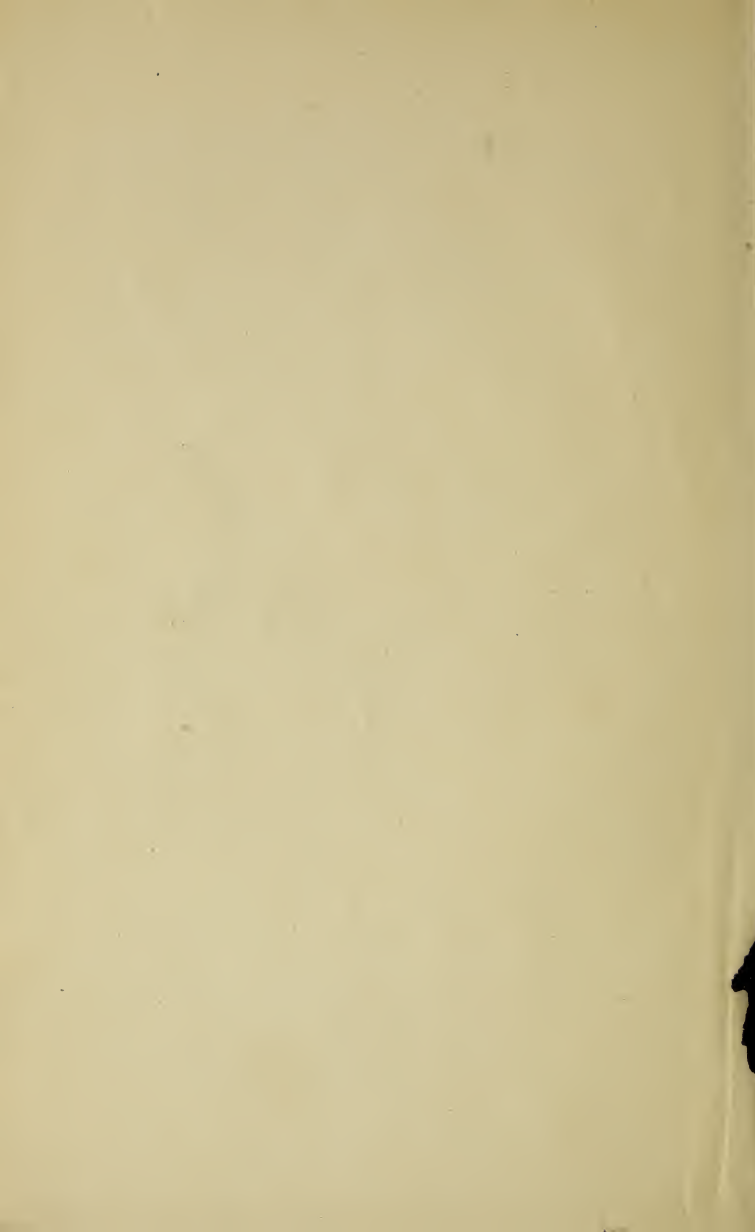
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WORKING-MAN



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THOMAS CARLYLE.

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DEDICATION.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

MY LORD,

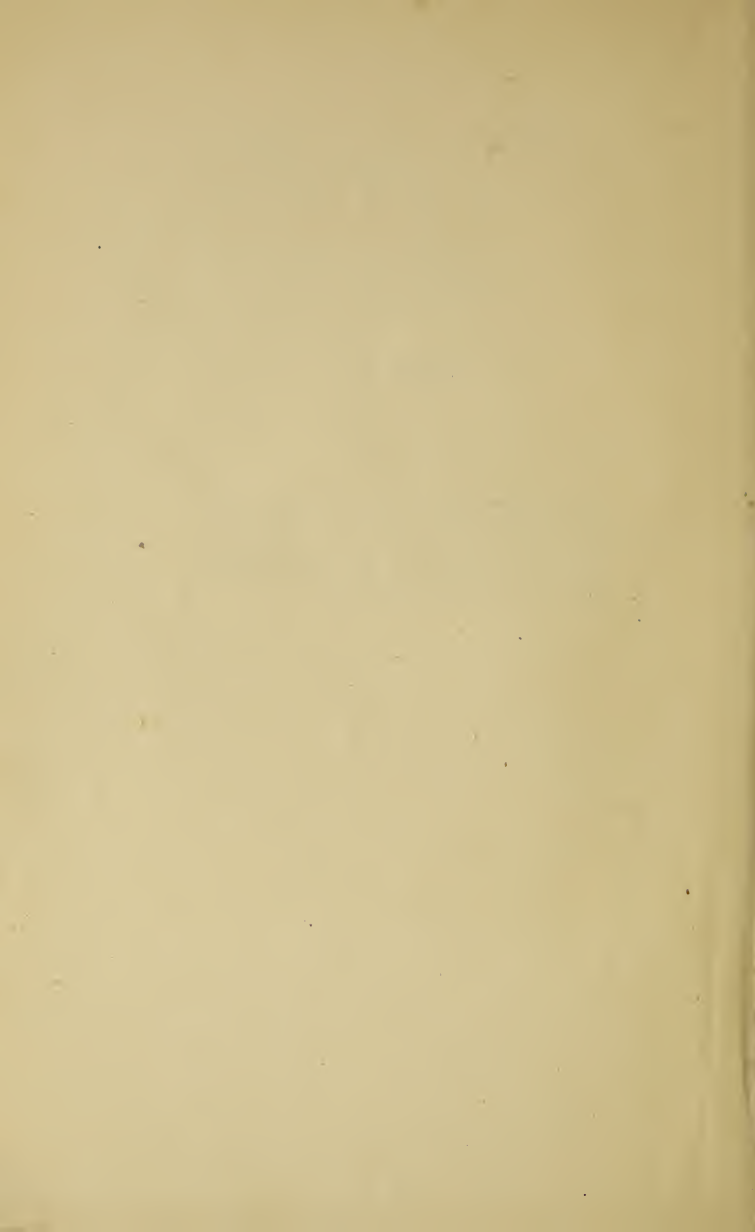
Your Lordship's kind opinion of this little work, is great compensation for any disappointment which may await its appearance in the world of publication. And the favour of being permitted to dedicate the book to your Lordship is most gratefully acknowledged by

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, April 17, 1879.

PART I.

"The slothful man is a burden to himself. His hours hang heavy on his head, he loitereth about and knoweth not what he would do. His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud, and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance."



JOHN BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 186—. Everybody in Blanque Court, every man and woman, all, save the very young children, drunk as usual.

Bees' Buildings, Blanque Court, is a colony of paupers, which was settled chiefly by Irish refugees during the famine of 1814—15. Poor creatures sent or brought over by the benevolent, to escape death by starvation, they at first sought employment by which to support themselves, but though then, as now, in England enormous wages were paid the few skilled workmen, there was little employment for the poor uneducated, and no means open by which they could gain the knowledge which would lead to independence.

Public and private charities there were in plenty. Schools of pauperism, parochial establishments, founded by legislation as the easiest way of disposing of surplus humanity, and as that giving

least trouble to legislators ; and institutions, established and supported by the voluntary contributions of those who hoped, and tried in vain, to counteract the baleful influence of misgovernment. But work there was none provided, and so it came to pass that the early settlers of Bees' Buildings, after making a feeble attempt to find employment, settled down to their life of pauperism, and at the period of their introduction in this chapter, they had assumed the proportions and population of a small town of utterly worthless inhabitants.

The court is divided into four parts, or quarters, by narrow-paved alleys, one of which continues, and serves as an entrance from the main street. The houses, built at different periods by various landlords, without other consideration than how to build them cheapest, are usually three storeys high, and contain twelve rooms, two front and two back on each floor. The narrowest staircase possible leads to the upper rooms, which vary in size from twelve to fourteen feet square, and are let to their wretched inhabitants at rents varying from 2s. to 5s. per week each.

As no one in the court was ever known to earn an honest penny by honest work, it would puzzle those unacquainted with the ways and means of the London poor to find that these rents were paid, and that the inmates had also the means of providing intoxicating drink in abundance. Ignorance,

idleness, and intemperance had produced their appalling effects ; and the succeeding generations of the colonists in Bees' Buildings represented the consequences of the vicious lives of their parents. Crippled, epileptic, ophthalmic children, with sallow faces and sunken eyes, little wasted forms, struggling with a terrible inheritance of disease—often struggling on long enough to leave another and more horrible specimen of degraded humanity. These called forth the pity of the benevolent, who, without questioning the cause which led to this lamentable result, gave alms willingly and unsparingly, and thus nourished and extended the evil they sought to cure.

One society was formed for the purpose of supplying them with blankets and coals during the winter. Another, chiefly composed of ladies, took upon itself the responsibility of their tea and sugar. When the new baby appeared, it was dressed in clothes marked with the name of another benevolence, and, when one of this population died, he was buried in winding-sheet and coffin furnished by either private or parochial bounty. And still the population increased, and the evils multiplied. The dwellings grew worse and worse, and the police reports became no better ; and now Bees' Buildings was the terror of the neighbourhood.

But young men and women had been known, and still were to be found there, who, having by

some means caught a glimpse of a better life, yearned to leave this misery behind them ; but few there were who possessed sufficient power of will to master the difficulties encountered by those, who, schooled in idleness, try to adopt a life of industry. The majority of these aspirants of respectability fled before the first disappointment back to their life of pauperism. But there were those who did not go back, and who, contrary to all they had been told by others who had failed, found their own moral weakness the worst enemy to success. Of one of these who did not turn back, but who went steadily on in the path of honest industry until he reached the reward of integrity, I am about to write.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN BROWN lived in Bees' Buildings with his father and mother. He was a tall, strong, good-looking young man of twenty. His father, an Englishman born in the workhouse, and bred by a London charity, had married his pauper wife at the age of nineteen or twenty. John's mother was Irish by birth, but she, with her father and mother and several other children, had come to England when a child—probably sent over by the union. The family took up their quarters in Bees' Buildings, and remained there some years, until just after the marriage of their eldest daughter (John's mother) they had the good fortune to secure a passage to America, and had sailed for New York, leaving the bride behind them. As no member of the family at this period could write, Mrs. Brown had never again heard of her people, and now, on this St. Patrick's Day, she, her husband, and son John, were as happy in their dirty, unfurnished room, as whiskey and gin could make them.

Night was closing in cold and wet. The gas in the court, some hours lighted, burned dim and un-

certain, as gas always does burn in such quarters. More than one inhabitant had been brought home to the buildings insensibly drunk, and many more were yet to come, whilst others, drunk and disorderly, had been taken to the watch-house. Molly Brown was staggering about her dirty room, in fruitless endeavour to prepare what her husband, from the bed, where he lay stretched, had been incoherently demanding as "supper." There was barely a spark of fire in the grate, and no other light in the room. John, only less drunk than his father, sat on a box at the table, his head resting on his folded arms, and fast asleep. Molly, having filled the tea-kettle to the brim with cold water, had with much difficulty raised it to the grate, where it crushed out the remaining spark of fire ; and then the poor wretched woman sat down on a broken box, and teeblely bewailed her hard lot. Her whimpering complaint at last aroused her husband, who, after sundry attempts, at last staggered from the room, and to the nearest public-house. John, too, soon roused himself from his drunken sleep, and prepared to follow his father, when a step, surprisingly steady, considering the day and the quarter, was heard on the stairs ; it stopped on the landing and the doorway was darkened by a visitor.

"Are you in, John?" said a voice, in a tone of cheerfulness, which sounded out of place in such a den of wretchedness.

"Yes," answered John, "come in, Tim. That is," he added, "if you can get in. The place is hardly fit for a human being. Of course, everyone is drunk."

"Have you ever a light, John? I want you to read a letter for me from Margaret. You remember Margaret, Mrs. Brown," the visitor said, having been made aware of that lady's presence.

"Margaret! In coorse I do; her as married Tom Oakley, and went to America."

"Well, Mrs. Brown, I had a letter this same day from Margaret, and great news it is she sends me; I had it read at the club, but Mike Murphy he read it, and I didn't take in the half of it; so I came away to you, John, and if you'll read it to me, slow like, I'll be that thankful."

"To be sure he will," said John's mother, trying to get up from her low seat, and struggling to reach the bit of candle on the table, which, however, John did not trouble her to light, but, taking his friend's arm, the two young men left the room and the house.

At the public-house, *The Civet Cat*, on the corner, they, being well known as good customers, were permitted to step into the parlour, and there John read the letter, which had come across the water, bringing the great news of which Tim had boasted, and which was as follows:—

CHAPTER III.

"LOWELL, MASS.

"UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"Ever since I received the letter you sent me at Christmas, I have thought nearly all the time of you, and of the miserable life you are leading there, and how I could manage to get you out here ; for, though we have plenty to live on, thank God, and a little laid up for our old age, it's all from Tom's hard earnings and savings, and I couldn't ask him, after all his goodness to me and my poor mother that's gone, to do more than he has done. But he soon found that I had something on my mind, and wasn't long finding what it was, and so he just let me take a few boarders, and with a little work I did for some of the Mill hands, I soon had forty dollars saved. Tom heard last week that Mr. Schuyler was going out to England. Mr. Schuyler is the gentleman Tom and me worked for when we first came over, and he has been like a father to us both. Well, I went away to his house, and sure enough he is sailing on the 1st of March, and will be in

London on or about the 17th, and he will take the money to you, and himself see you off to Liverpool; and so, dear Tim, I am counting the hours until you are safe under the roof of your affectionate sister,

“MARGARET OAKLEY.

“P.S.—Mr. Schuyler will buy your ticket for you; that will be 30 dollars, and will take you to Boston. There, at the Steamship Company’s Office, you will find Tom waiting to bring you on here. I am sorry I can’t send you something for clothing, which is very dear out here; but, if you can manage it, try to get a few things to put on before you get to Lowell. Everybody here dresses smart and tidy, very different from the likes of us at home in England, where no one minds how dirty and ragged they are. You will have 10 dollars over your passage-money, but you will want that, I think, on the passage. But Mr. Schuyler will tell you everything. So once more good-bye, my dear brother.”

“There,” said John Brown, “that’s all, and lucky you are, Tim Pearson, to have such a sister. But, Tim, what’ll you do in America? I’ve heard say that it’s blessed hard to get on there, and that if you were dying of starvation you couldn’t get bit nor sup, without the money, and that the rich are harder on the poor there nor here.”

"What do the poor care, in a place where a labourer can *airn* three pounds a week?" answered Tim, "an' that's what Tom Oakley got, at first, when he went out."

"Three pounds a week, Tim! It's joking they were to tell you that!"

"Then it's no joke, John, Margaret wrote as soon as ever they got settled out there, and told me that Tom was 'airnin' three pounds a week at labouring work, and didn't Tom send back for his father and sister, within six months of his leaving England, without a copper beyond his passage money? How could he do that if he hadn't been getting big pay?"

The conversation began to interest and sober John. "But, Tim," he said, "three pounds a week would be one hundred and fifty a year. Who would stay here if that was true?"

"Well, then, true it is, John; but to satisfy you, I'll ask this gentlemân when he comes, and then I'll tell you all about it. It's the 17th now, and he must be in London soon."

"This letter," said John, putting it back in its envelope, "has no post-mark—how did it come?"

"Oh," Tim said, searching in his pocket and producing a dirty envelope, "it was inside this."

John took the envelope, and exclaimed "Why, Tim, here's a note inside this. Well, you *are* a clever chap! Why, this letter of Margaret's was

brought over by the gentleman himself, and here's a note from him, enclosing Margaret's letter and giving you his address. Here it is," and John read, from a bit of foreign note-paper, which had been overlooked by the anxious brother when he found his sister's letter. "Here's the address, J. C. Schuyler." John spelled the words, "'Charing Cross Hotel till 20th, 10 o'clock morning.' I can't make out what to call the name, Tim, but you are to call on the gentleman in the morning at 10 o'clock."

"How can I find him, John, if you can't give me the name?"

"I'll write it for you, Tim, and you must show it to some of them at the hotel."

The name was carefully copied on a bit of paper, and the friends parted, Tim full of thought about his sister's letter, John with the words "three pounds a week," ringing in his ears.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN had once, as a young boy, caught a glimpse of life, so different from his past and present surroundings, that it left in his heart a longing to see more, and, at first, a determination to turn away for ever from the life he had inherited ; but his stay in a healthy atmosphere had been short, and after it he had wandered back, and, weakly protesting, stayed on, until now, in his twentieth year, he began to lose sight of his more fortunate experience and good intentions, and was rapidly drifting into the indifference consequent to indolence and intemperance. A few years more and nothing would have aroused him to a voluntary abandonment of his slothful and degrading situation. But youth and temperament were in his favour, and Tim's letter awakened energy and ambition. If Tim could earn this almost fabulous sum of money in America, he could do the same. And if more money could be earned by a stronger, more intelligent man than Tim, then John felt sure of yet greater fortune. Foggy though his mind was, from the quantity of poisonous drink he had imbibed during the day,

he reasoned thus, and could scarcely keep his thoughts and aspirations to himself. The wretched den he called home was unendurable to him when he returned to it ; both father and mother had gone out, he well knew where, but in his present frame of mind this was a comfort. He could not have spoken to either on the subject of his thoughts, and the sight of their condition would have irritated him beyond control. He could not yet think out a plan for the future, or for getting the means of leaving England, and reaching the Eldorado upon which his whole thoughts were bent. His first wish now was to get his head clear from the fumes of alcohol, and to this end he gathered together the dying embers on the hearth, broke up an old box, with which, and the aid of a few coals, he boiled the kettle, and made for himself a strong cup of tea. There was the charity quarter-pound packet of tea, and the packet of sugar from the same source ; they had been left that morning by the visiting lady, and had not yet been pawned or exchanged at the public for the glass of poison. Milk there was none, nor bread ; but John sent a child from a neighbouring room for a penny roll, and this, with the cup of tea, made his supper. His hopes concerning his passage-money to America turned naturally upon charity and the guardians.

“And if they won’t give me the money, why I must work for it. But what a length of time,” he

soliloquized, "it will take to get six pounds together, and how can I save it when *they* know I'm airnin' money. Sure everyone of them'll be at me like a nest of hungry wasps, and it'll be, 'Come in, John, here,' and 'Come in there,' and not a penny would they let me take out of the public-house, once they get me in, and then there's the father and mother the worst of all. But I'll try, yes, I'll try ; and it'll be no fault of mine if I'm living in a hole like this next year this time." With these thoughts and resolutions stirring him to energy he never knew before, he left the wretched room, and betook himself to an adjoining apartment, where lived the lame fiddler with whom he sometimes passed the night. The room was tenantless when John entered it. The fiddler had for this night a professional engagement at an adjoining boarding-house.

It was the night of St. Patrick's Day, and in addition to the usual festivities, there was a marriage to celebrate. The bride, a native of Blanque Court, had been educated at a public charity, and was very superior to the costermonger she had married ; but the only consideration which influenced her in her choice was, that the man had a cart and donkey, and could offer her freedom from work. The life of dependence and charity, and her charity education, had eradicated every vestige of womanly independence and delicacy. Somebody else had always thought and acted for her, and the one fact

with which she had been fully impressed was, that she was a burthen and an intruder in the world, and that she had no business with any human sentiment *except one*, and that, the very highest *gratitude*, was fully expected of her. The want of this quality and her inability to assume it, as many others did, made her unpopular, and she was turned out as a bad case. The regular routine of life in an institution, and the sameness of occupation, unfitted her for a household servant in the poor lodging-house, the only situation open to her, who had no character, and she gladly gave up the struggle and began a life of vagrancy, such as her mother and father had lived. The costermonger was lame, stunted in size, and almost deformed in shape ; but he had a room of his own, with a few bits of furniture, a cart and donkey, and the vagabond life he promised suited her. So the pretty charity girl married him, and the wedding was held in the bridegroom's room. The fiddler played, the guests danced, and everyone, including bride and bridegroom, went to bed, drunk, at four o'clock in the morning. At which hour John was awakened by the return of his friend the fiddler.

CHAPTER V.

THE fiddler was brought home very drunk, and John, being unusually sober, objected to such a bed-fellow, so got up and dressed. The morning was cold and the air raw—it was quite dark, and not a creature was stirring. John's clothing was thin, and he stood shivering, irresolute whether to turn back to the fiddler, go home to an equally bad atmosphere, or walk about till the neighbourhood would be stirring, when a happy recollection came to him of a new building where the watchman (an acquaintance of his) would be sitting over a good fire. Thither he bent his steps, and was cheerfully admitted by the watchman, who would have been less hospitable, however, had he known that John brought nothing with him to cheer the cold hours of early morning.

Once admitted, he could not do less than allow him to stay till just before seven when the workmen were expected ; then he was dismissed with a caution to let nobody see him leaving the building.

It was yet many hours before the inhabitants

of Bees' Buildings would be stirring—his mother and father, people of leisure like the rest, would sleep till midday ; he had only sixpence in the world, and that would not get his breakfast at Biddy Flanagan's, the only place he knew of where a man like himself could get anything to eat ; then he objected to go to Biddy's, there he would meet his pals, and be tempted with the offer of the morning glass, and on this subject, at least, his mind was settled that it was no use to try to change his life, or better his condition, unless he first gave up drink, and until everything failed in his efforts to get to America, he determined that nothing like spirits should pass his lips. Thus he had adopted the first measure of success.

The morning seemed colder than before when he gained the street ; thick yellow fog enveloped everything, and made sickly halos around the gas lamps. The pavement was in the usual slimy, filthy condition, which makes London streets the horror of those who are obliged to frequent them during the foggy season. The use of the hose and water might make the pavements clean in the dirtiest quarters, but this would entail the expense of buying hose, and employing men, and tax-payers would grumble. But would rate-payers grumble if the money now used to support thousands in miserable idleness were given in wages to enable these people to support themselves ; would it be better

not to pay our money to the support of public enterprise, or to the fostering of a public grievance which all condemn, but none move to cure. Gladly would our friend John have worked with hose and broom, or at any employment which offered, but he knew of no place where an unskilled workman without personal character or influence could obtain work, and his good intentions began to grow weaker and weaker as one obstacle after another presented itself. He walked up and down the slimy, slippery pavement near the entrance of Bees' Buildings; his shoulders drawn together, and his body nearly doubled with the damp, searching cold. His hands plunged in the pockets of his shabby trousers found only the sixpence and the envelope of Tim's letter, but this last suggested some little consolation. He would go to Tim, early as it was. Tim would be getting ready to fulfil the appointment at Charing Cross, and good fortune awakens good feeling. Tim wouldn't begrudge him a corner of his room where he could get a cup of tea brought in from Biddy Flanagan's. He was not mistaken in his surmise. Tim was up making the most of his wardrobe that he might appear as worthy as possible of the honour of calling on a *real* gentleman at a great hotel.

"Why, John," he said, "this is friendly! I was just wondering where you went last night, for I looked in before going to bed, and your mother told

me you had gone out again after making your tea."

"I wonder she was sober enough to tell you that, or anything else," John said, gloomily. "What o'clock was that?"

"Nigh upon twelve, John. I had been to Doolan's to see would he let me have a secondhand coat to make myself decent with this morning; but not he—not without the money, though I showed him Margaret's letter, and he read every word of it. 'I've no doubt,' says he, 'but it's all right, but it ought to have a postmark,' says he. 'And what were you an' John Brown doin' in the parlour of the *Cat* last night? No, me hearty,' says he, 'bring y'er deposit and take the coat, but no deposit, no coat.'"

"Well, you can't wonder, Tim, that neither he nor anyone else would believe the likes of us, living here with the worst set in London."

"Speak for yourself, if you please," said Tim, whose promised prosperity had already begun to affect his pride. "Old Doolan would be glad to let me have a coat this time next year; and it isn't every one of the set, as you call them, as has better nor eight pounds waiting in a gentleman's hands to be called for!"

"Don't be down on a chap," said John, humbly. "I'm sure I'm down enough already, and there's no use blaming Doolan. *Shure* he daren't do any-

thing to you or anyone else if he trusted them with clothes and they refused to pay, for if he was to give any trouble, you have but to threaten to ask where the clothes came from, and Doolan wouldn't like being urged to answer."

"That's true enough, but I am vexed to be going to see the gentleman in these rags, and Margaret asking me to make myself decent ; but it can't be helped. Go I must, and that soon now, for it's nearly nine o'clock."

"Have you had anything to eat yet, Tim?" said John.

"No ; but the kettle's boiling now, and if you'll run out and get a loaf, John, you're welcome to a cup of tea."

John readily procured the loaf and the extra twopence worth of sugar and milk, and the friends made a comfortable breakfast.

CHAPTER VI.

TIM had the rent of the little room he lived in given him by the landlord of the buildings in consideration of certain services he rendered by looking after the rooms when they were vacated, to see that the outgoing tenants did not remove and convey away the grates, doors, sashes, or any of the few fixtures. This enviable appointment would soon be vacant, and Tim kindly offered to speak a good word for John if he would apply for it.

"Thank you kindly," John said ; "but, Tim, I've made up my mind to cut the buildings altogether if I can get work, and to never give in so long as there's a chance of getting away from the whole lot of them here."

"Well, John, if that's your determination, sure there's no great trouble getting work. Weren't you asked to work on some buildings last summer ? and sure there's plenty of work ; but I suppose it's poor pay."

"Yes, Tim, starvation prices they pay. I was going to work, though, when Pat Murphy he persuaded me not. 'What's the use of working ?' says

he. 'It'll take all you airn to keep you ; and if ye don't work, why you must be kept. They can't let you starve, else what's the guardians for. They must find the necessities, and the societies, they find the luxuries. Only fools and women work,' says he. So as I've always had plenty, such as it is, without work, and as work promised nothing better, why I just thought Pat right. But it's your letter, Tim, that has set me thinking. Three pounds a week, and a man could live like a gentleman. If that story's true, it will be no fault of mine if I'm not in America this time next year."

So saying, the friends parted, Tim to keep the appointment at Charing Cross, John in search of employment. There were some large buildings going up in the neighbourhood, and thither he bent his steps. He reached the place about eleven, and joined the men when they came down for their beer. He knew one of them, and him he approached and began conversation.

"I'm looking for a job," John said ; "do you think I could get anything here?"

"You can try," the man said. "But what's up that you are going to work—parish turned crusty?"

"No," John replied. "Only I'm sick of life as we have it, and I thought I would see what work is like. What time do you begin in the morning?"

"Six o'clock now."

"Why that's dark. Surely you can't do anything before seven."

"No ; but we gets paid for it all the same."

"But why don't the master begin work an hour later when you can see to work?"

"Because we won't let 'em—that's why. The masters had their own way, and made their own hours long enough ; now we have our turn, and make our own time."

"Is the master very hard?" John ventured.

"Hard—hard as bricks. He as was a working man like me six years past."

"Six years past ! Joe, you never mean to tell me that Mr. Mason was a workin' man six years ago?"

"Well, he wor then. Not exactly like me, but a workin' mason, and not airnin' the money a mason airns to-day."

"But, Joe, how did he get on? Had a pot of money left him?"

"Not a bit of it. Just 'cussed' luck, that's what it wor. He first got foreman's place, then niggered the men to please the master. Then took a job on his own account and had luck with that. Then took a bigger job, screwed down the pay and squeezed time, and here he is. That's about it."

At this moment the master appeared, a grave-looking, pale man, and the workmen went to their work.

John lingered, unwilling to lose the chance of asking for work, and yet afraid to speak after hearing the hard character of the master. He had walked toward a pile of timber, and was certainly a suspicious looking character, but too busy with his own thoughts to think of this when he was startled by the question—

“What do you want here?”

Looking up, he saw the master, and his first impulse was to move on; but summoning what courage he could, he replied—

“A job, sir, if you please.”

“What on?”

“Anything I can do, sir, Hod carrying, I suppose.”

“What’s your name?”

“John Brown, sir.”

“Where do you live?”

John paused. The reputation of Bees’ Buildings was so well known to every one in the neighbourhood that he felt sure the master would have nothing to do with anyone giving that address. Yet he dismissed the falsehood which sprang to his lips, and said in a hesitating tone—

“Bees’ Buildings, Blanque Court, sir.”

“Where have you worked before?”

“Well, sir, to tell the truth, I never worked anywhere before.”

"Ah, I see, a gentleman of leisure, supported like a monarch by direct taxation."

"Well, sir, I want to work now, and I'll be very glad and do my best if you'll give me a job."

Something in the man's look and manner impressed the master, and he said, "Well, you look in earnest. There's plenty of work to be had for the asking. You may come on at one o'clock, and clear these rooms out ready for painting. Carry the dirt and shavings down to the yard below, where you will find a cart waiting to take them away from the works. Sixpence an hour, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir ; and how many hours, if you please?"

"From half-past six to five ; half an hour at eight and one hour at noon for breakfast and dinner," said the master ; and the two men turned and went away in different directions.

CHAPTER VII.

"I DIDN'T think to get work so easy," said John to himself; "and sixpence an hour, why that'll be twenty shillings a week if I work nine and a half hours a day. Sure I'll not be long in saving up the six pounds that's to take me away from this dirty hole. Thank God, I feel already like a new man; and see what telling the truth did for me. Now, John Brown, make a promise to yourself, and keep it, too—leave off drink, tell no lies, work hard and save your money, and this day twelvemonth you'll be an independent man."

Whilst those good resolutions were being made, and quite occupied with his own thoughts, John had involuntarily turned his steps in the direction of Bees' Buildings, and now suddenly stopped at the entrance to the court.

"I'll not go in there," he said, "that's not the place to keep a good resolution in; and yet, where will I get my dinner? The mother might have a bit for me; but, ugh! they will both be like d—ls after their drunken night, and the place won't be fit for a pig. Yesterday I could have

asked the first person I met for a penny to buy a bit of bread with ; to-day I couldn't do it to save me from starving. Why, I wonder? What has made such a difference? Well, I must get a bit some way before one o'clock. I'll try will the baker trust me a loaf."

At this moment an omnibus stopped, and John was hailed from the top of it by Tim Pearson, who had just returned from his appointment at Charing Cross. In a few minutes the friends were walking rapidly down towards Tim's room.

"Is it all right, Tim?" John asked at once.

"All right!" answered Tim, "I believe ye. Mr. Skiler (that's the gentleman's name from America) is just a prince, and no mistake. Every word true about the pay—ten shilling a day he says I'll be airnin' after the first week or two, and then if I learn to tend machinery, as Tom Oakley did, I'll get twelve shillings and perhaps fourteen shillings a day. Margaret, he says, lives in her own house like a lădy, and Tom Oakley has bought an' paid for it, him as niver airnt two shillings a day in his life when he was here. Margaret does nothing but keep her own house, and I'm to start on Saturday."

"On Saturday next?"

"Yes, the first Saturday as ever is."

"Why, man, this is only Tuesday."

"Never mind, I must be in Liverpool on Saturday morning, and on board the ship at twelve

o'clock of the same day. This afternoon I'm to go to Mr. Skiler again, and he is going to get my few things for me, for he says I'm to go respectable and decently clothed, and not disgrace my sister when I get to America."

"Well, Tim, you're the luckiest chap I know ; but I've got something to tell you, too ; I'm going to America."

"You, John? No."

"Yes, indeed ; but not on Saturday, Tim, nor for many a Saturday. I've got no one to send for me, but I'm going all the same, and I've got a job, and begin work this very afternoon."

"You don't say so ! Well, I am glad, John, and when you come to America you'll find a friend waiting for you."

"Now, Tim, I'm going to ask a favour of you, and I'm not ashamed, for I'll pay you back some day. I want a bit of dinner ; I haven't a penny piece, and I can't go to work without something to eat."

"Come along then, John ; don't stand talking, as if I would hesitate to share my last bit with you. Here take this and get the bread and beer, and I'll go and get some cold beef or ham."

John took the shilling, and soon returned with bread and beer ; Tim brought in a plate of boiled beef, and the friends made a hearty dinner, discussing the while the adventures of the morning.

At a few minutes to one John was at the new buildings, and ready to begin work. His "time" was taken by the foreman, and he was directed where to begin.

He was to carry the débris of the workmen—the bits of wood, shavings, sawdust, &c.—down in sacks, and empty them in the cart which he would find at the door.

When he descended with his first sackful, he found a man filling the cart from a heap of similar rubbish, which had been evidently carried down from above. He was about to empty his load into the cart, when he was rather roughly stopped by his fellow-labourer.

"Empty the sack here," said the man. "What the d——l are you doing?"

"What I'm told to do," said John. "What's the use of me emptying the sack on the ground for you to shovel up?"

"'Cause it's the rule of the association," the man said; "and if you don't do what others do nobody'll work with you here—that's all."

"Oh, it's the rule of the association, is it?" said John. "Well, if you'd 'a told me that civil, I don't know what I might 'a done; but if you think I'm goin' to be frightened into the rule of the association, why yer a little mistaken. Mr. Mason he's my guv'nor, and I mind no one els' here." And so

saying, John shot the sackful of rubbish into the cart.

The man muttered some imprecations, in which "sneak" and "fool" were audible, but said nothing more at the time, for he had observed the master standing at an open window, where the conversation must have been overheard. John, however, had not seen the master, and was surprised to hear himself called.

He entered the building, and met the angry looks of two or three workmen before he reached the window at which the master was waiting.

"I heard the conversation below there," said he to John, "and I just want to tell you, as you are a new hand, that if you don't want to belong to the association, you needn't, and that no one here has any right to bully you about it. So long as you do your work to my satisfaction, you'll receive your pay, and so long as I've a job of work to give, you shall have it; I know though what you'll have to endure if you stand out for liberty of action—I've been through it all, and many a time I came near giving in and falling under the tyranny of Trades Unions; but, thank God, I had the strength to stand out, and here I am to-day independent. And where are they who made my life miserable with their sneerings and bullying? Why, just where they were then—working by the hour when it suits them, drunk, or in the workhouse; that's about

their history. It's by luck, they say, I've got on. Now, young man, try my plan, and you'll have my luck—work hard, leave drink alone, spend half your earnings on good wholesome food and warm clothing, never spend a shilling unnecessarily, and you'll soon be pointed at as a man who has had great luck, and pointed at by those who work when it suits them, drink what they like, never deny themselves anything within their reach, and sleep in the Casual when they have no longer the money to pay for a bed." So saying, Mr. Mason went into another room, and John returned to his work.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN he descended to the court his fellow-workman had disappeared; John emptied his sack into the cart and returned for another load. Soon he had filled the cart, and was wondering how it was to be removed, when another cart, drawn by a big Norman horse, and driven by a boy, entered the yard. The boy-driver he knew to be the son of the man who had been shovelling and who had disappeared.

The boy backed his cart up to the steps of the adjoining house, and was about to unhitch his horse from the cart, and probably to put it in the cart just filled, when a voice from the upper window, upon which "Office" was written, called him away.

John went in search of the master to ask for further orders, as the cart was full, and he did not like to go on filling the other without instructions. He found Mr. Mason, looking harassed and worried. "Can you drive a horse?" he asked John.

"I can lead the cart-horse, sir, if that's what you mean," John said.

"Well, then, take that load of rubbish to — and shoot it where you see the heap. Then come back and fill the other cart, and do what you can for me to-day. I must get these rooms cleared, and that old fool, Moore, has left and taken his boy off because I didn't let you do what he told you, and because you are not a member of the —"

"All right, sir," said John, "I know a chap that will help me in the morning if I cannot get the work done to-day, but I'll do my best. What'll I do with the horse, sir, this evening?"

"Take the horse and cart to Jarvis's; you know Jarvis, the job-master. The carting is his job, but his men have struck, and I don't know what he is going to do."

"Was the boy in Jarvis's employ?" asked John.

"Yes, I got him in Jarvis's yard on the job; his mother, Moore's wife, is lying at the hospital these six weeks, nearly kicked to death by that brute of a husband, and he, instead of being locked up and doing penal servitude, is as independent as a lord, and belongs to an association, which ought to admit only respectable men, but as things go nowadays, a drunken blackguard half kills his wife, and is relieved of all the expense of curing and nursing her. He gets work because of the scarcity of

labour, avails himself of the first opportunity of breeding dissension amongst his fellow-workmen, strikes at the first sign of disaffection, drinks the money which he draws from the club, whilst his family, if he have one, are supported by the parish. It's all wrong. If the man knew he had to work for his bread or starve, he would work ; but this blessed doctrine of ours that no one must be allowed to starve, even though they decline to work for good wages, is at the root of their independence. I suppose some day things will right themselves."

Thus speaking, as much in soliloquy as addressing John, Mr. Mason went away, and John returned to his work, filling and carting away with a will until the men left off work ; he then drove the horse around to the stables as he had been directed, and finding no one there to receive it, he proceeded to wash the poor beast's hoofs, and rub him down, when three men entered the yard, two of them inhabitants of Bees' Buildings, the third a carter, whom he knew to be in the employ of Jarvis. These men came hurriedly up to him and demanded what he was doing there.

"What am I doing here?" said John, "why, I'm doing your work, I believe!"

"Well, then, you'll just mind your own business, and leave my work alone," said the carter ; "you're not goin' to sneak in here as you did at the works this morning, young man. Out of this with you,

and if you come near this yard again, you'll not leave it so easy."

Upon this the two others joined in abuse. "Lazy, bèggarly, mean sneak, taking the bread out of honest men's mouths, cringing to the master for favour. They'd teach him to come meddling here." Oaths and curses, every species of bad language was hurled at poor John, who was about to retire before overpowering numbers, when the master entered the yard.

CHAPTER IX.

"HALLO ! what's all this about?" he asked, "and what business have you here?"—turning to John.

"Why, sir," John explained, "Mr. Mason told me to bring around the horse, and when I got here there was no one to take him. So I was rubbing the beast down, when these chaps they came in the yard and began abusing me. I don't know what they're talking about. I've done nothing to any of them."

"Oh, ho ! that's it, is it?" said Jarvis, turning to the angry crowd. "You have come here to prevent others doing the work you refuse to do yourself. Now, out of this, every one of you, and don't come back till I send for you. Away with you, or I'll take means to prevent you troubling me or any one else for some time to come. And you, young man"—addressing John—"can you lend a hand in putting up these horses?"

"Yes," John said ; "but what's up? Where are the men going?"

"Oh, on strike, I believe. I've just come in from Islington, and the news was waiting for me the men had struck for pay and privileges."

"What, the carters?" asked John.

"Yes. I let the horses and carts out on the job to builders, Mason and Gillot, and nearly all the builders in this part have their horses from me and find men to drive them. I used to take the contracts for the carting, but lately I couldn't do it. The men I employed behaved so badly, I was nearly ruined by having to pay for being behind in fulfilling contracts. I couldn't get the men to work, and I gave up carting, and now only let the horses to the builders; but my stable men have got intimate with the carters and they're gone too. I'm sick and tired of it. If I agreed to their demands to-day, they'd make fresh ones to-morrow, and I should be ruined. If I stand out it's about the same thing."

"Why don't you let them go, and get a fresh lot of hands?" asked John, who was the while busily helping with the horses. "There's plenty as would only be too glad to airn a day's wages."

"Where are they?" said the master.

"Why," said John, "last week I went to the workhouse to see Tom Wood that is laid up in the infirmary, and I saw six men and four boys waiting to begin work at tenpence a-day. Surely they wouldn't break stones at tenpence a-day when.

they can earn sixpence an hour if the work was plenty."

"Did you ever work at workus work?" enquired Mr. Jarvis.

"Yes, once for two days."

"Well, how was that?"

"Well, you see, the old woman got into a row and was locked up, and the old man was in the infirmary, and I had to get work for a couple of days."

"What did you earn?"

"Oh, tenpence a-day."

"Well, you're working now for better wages, aren't you?"

"Oh yes; I have sixpence an hour."

"Well, then, you know all about it. You might have had work and the same wages this three years; but you haven't been brought up to work, or to think any advantage could be got by honest labour. You have been content to live on what others chose to give you, or to add to their bounty by your only trade—lying, begging, and stealing, and if that failed you for a time, why there was the dear old Mother Workhouse to fall back upon, and though you might be compelled to break stones for a day or two till trade in your own line grew better, it was easier to do this perhaps at the moment than to get up a new story or to help yourself to a trifle from one of the shop doors. Oh, don't be

indignant, John Brown, I know all about it—I was brought up to the same trade, and never earnt an honest shilling till after I was twenty-four. Then I got to work by a sort of miracle, and, thank God, I never turned on my luck and good fortune.”

“Well, you are about right, sir,” said John, who had shown some indignation at hearing himself classed with liars, beggars, and thieves, until comforted by Mr. Jarvis’s assurance that his own education and experience had been the same. “You are about right; and I’m going to try to cut the buildings, and the whole set of them, and get away out of the country, but I don’t know if I shall be able to do it. It’s hard to get enough money, and harder to keep it. The moment the father and mother know I’ve got a few shillings together, they’ll never give me a moment’s peace till they’ve got it out of me. If I could get work away from London, or if I could get some help from the guardians, I would go away to-morrow. I’m that tired of it, sir, and sick at the thought of what my home is like, I’d rather throw myself over the bridge than go back to it. And yet I know if they got hold of me and got me on the spree, I wouldn’t care a straw for anything but more drink. I don’t know what to do, sir. What with the difficulty of getting up early and beginning a hard day’s work, when I’ve been accustomed to turn out in the middle of the day like a pig from a filthy nest and

begin the day as I began yesterday—with drink. What with that and the men being all down on me as they were to-day at the works, and having no decent place to go to for a lodging, and not a soul to speak to if I cut my old pals, I don't know how I'm to get on, and my heart is down when I think of what's before me."

"Well, look here, John ; now just do what I tell you," said Mr. Jarvis. "Ask Mason to give you a job on his Hampstead works. Go there, work hard and save your money, cut every one of your old friends, and don't go near the guardians for help to get away. You can earn 20s. a week, and live well on 10s. Speak frankly to Mason as you have done to me, and he'll help you all he can ; and for the present, why, there's a good, comfortable room up there over that stable. Just keep an eye over the horses, and come down if you think there's anything wrong. You'll hear every noise from the stables up there. You'll find a bed and a stove, and all you want, and here's a half-crown for your help this evening."

John hesitated at taking the money, though he had not a penny in the world ; but Jarvis assured him that his services were worth this, and more, and the half-crown was thankfully accepted.

CHAPTER X.

IN the short experience he had in the calling of an honest man, nothing surprised John more than the consideration and kindness shown him by those two employers. Here was Mr. Jarvis talking in a friendly way, as Mr. Mason had done, giving him good counsel, and putting him in a position of trust, and that after showing himself thoroughly acquainted with his history. It was beyond John's comprehension, and a contradiction to the stories he had always heard of the unkindness of masters.

John took possession of his snug room with a grateful heart, and after making what little arrangements he could for the night, he locked everything up, and, with the keys in his pocket and a sense of proprietorship new to him, he went in search of Tim.

When he reached Tim's door, he found it locked. A child in the next room informed him that his friend had only just gone out to get some things for his supper. John took a seat in the neighbouring room, where one child had been left

in charge of two others still younger. The little nurse, not ten years old, had wrapped her two baby brothers in the only covering the one bed possessed, and seated them in a corner, where the little ones kept up a low, piteous whining, whilst the poor little woman was trying in vain to light the few black cinders in the grate.

"Where's your mother?" John asked.

"I don't know," said the child in a hoarse whisper. "She went away this morning with Molly Brown. She said she'd come back *drickly*, and bring somethin' for my *troat*, and some milk for Tommy and Joey. But she never come, and we've not had nothing to eat all day but just a bit of dry bread."

"Here," he said, "run to the baker's and get a loaf, and stop at Munn's and get twopennyworth of milk, and come back in a minute. Now, mind, don't stay, and bring me back the change. And look," he cried to the child, who was already half-way down the stairs, "if you see my mother, or the old man, or any of them, mind, not a word that you have seen me."

"Never fear," said the precocious child, who soon returned with the bread and milk and the intelligence that Tim Pearson was coming up with the supper.

John rose as he heard his friend's step on the stairs. But who was this gentleman with his arm

full of paper parcels? Surely not Tim Pearson ! But, yes, it was, sure enough.

“ Why, Tim, man,” he exclaimed, “ what’s come to you ? ”

“ You may well ask that, John. Faith, I didn’t know myself when all was done, and I looked at meself in the looking-glass. But, come on in. We’ll have a bit of supper together, and I’ll tell you all about it. I brought everything with me, for I don’t want them harpies to know I’m here if I can help it. Every one of them would be up to-night to take me out for a glass to drink to my good luck ; and then, if I went with them, and they once got fairly hold of me, good-bye to America and my poor sister’s money.”

The friends locked and bolted the door, made up a bright fire, arranged the contents of the paper parcels on the table—bread, cheese, and cold ham ; and when the kettle boiled and the tea was made, they sat down to a more comfortable meal than either of them had often partaken of.

CHAPTER XI.

“AND now,” said John, “tell me what happened to-day. Tell me your news.”

“Well,” said Tim, “when I went to Mr. Skiler to-day, the first thing he said was, ‘Timothy,’ says he, ‘I’m glad to see you punctual, but I’m not quite ready for you,’ says he. ‘Now do you go out and buy half-a-dozen good plain shirts,’ says he, and a pair of good strong boots, and six pairs of socks, and some sensible neckties,’ says he. ‘Then do you go and take a bath, and get shaved, or get shaved first,’ says he; ‘get your hair cut, and take with you to the bath,’ says he, ‘a clean change, and when you have had your bath, why put on the clean new things, and do what you like with the old ones, and then come back here to me.’ And with that, he gave me *three sovereigns*, ‘and send the things you buy here,’ says he, ‘to this address,’ and he gave me a card. Well, away I went. I asked a cabby I met—one that I knew—where I could best get the things, and he told me. So I went away. I got six of these beautiful shirts for 24s., the socks for 6s., and the boots, and beauties,

for 22s. Then I bought this tie, and hat. Mr. Skiler hadn't mentioned a hat, but mine wasn't fit to wear with the other finery, so I bought this one for 1s. 8d., and a good one it is, too; and I went away and was shaved. I took the *change*, as Mr. Skiler had called it, and after I had me hair cut and a shave, I went away to the bath.

"Well, John, I didn't know meself when it was all done, and I had put on the clean things. Sorry I was to hev to put on the old coat and trowsers, but when I went back to Mr. Skiler he soon altered all that; into a cab he got, and me with him, and away we went to a grand tailor's, where he had me soon dressed in this suit; and here I am, John, and ar'n't they just beauties;" and Tim got up, and turned round, that the general effect might be admired.

"I dar'n't come back here by daylight; I knew I'd have to stand treat all round. I've promised the master not to drink a drop till I see me sister in America, and I mean to keep me word, too."

"It won't be me, Tim, that'll make you break your promise. I don't think either you or I will ask for better than this tea to-night. I wish I was always sure of a comfortable meal like this."

The friends sat over their simple repast, and discussed their prospects; John relating his adventures of the day, until ten o'clock, when they parted.

As Tim's door opened, and John was about to enter the dimly-lighted passage, loud voices and coarse oaths were heard in the room opposite.

"There's that old d——l, Mag Hussey, at them poor children again," said Tim; "poor little wretches, I wonder they live; she leaves them all day, and sometimes for days together, and drinks every penny she can beg, borrow, or steal; and then she comes back and beats them if she finds nothing in the house that she can pawn for more drink. The poor little girl had a pair of shoes given her at Christmas, and the child brought them to me, and hid them here for days together; but at last the mother found it out, and beat the little creature, and pawned the shoes. There, listen to that!"

Piercing cries of "Oh, mother, don't, don't," came from the room, baby voices mingled with the shrieks of supplication, and the loud imprecations of a strong female voice. John opened the door, and strode into the room.

"What are you doing with the children?" he said; "do you want to kill them, ye —— old fool. Sure, the police are in the court below."

This intelligence had the desired effect. The woman threw the little quivering child from her, and turned her besotted face towards the visitor.

"It's only that bad boy Mickey of mine, Mr. Brown," she said. "He deserves what he gets;"

and a look from her bloodshot eyes sent the child shrinking behind his sister.

The girl, the same to whom John had given the money early in the evening, was about to speak, when a hoarse cough prevented. The cough and the whooping sound of the respiration was something shocking to hear. "What is the matter?" John kindly asked the child.

"I don't know," she hoarsely whispered. "My throat has been bad all day, and now I think I'm choking. I think I'll die, Mr. Brown." This was said, or gasped, by the child as she tottered toward the bed.

"It's the croup!" said Tim, who had followed John into the room; "it's the croup! Run for help, John, or the child'll die. And you, you old brute, it's beating the poor half-starved children you are, instead of trying to save your child's life. Here, take this, and go for wood and coals. Run for the dear life, or the child'll die!"

The mother took the money, set up a howl of drunken sorrow, such as one always hears on like occasions from the low Irish, and disappeared. Where? Where do you, my friends, think she went? Even John Brown, with his experience of life in Blanque Court, did not suspect that she would go to the public-house—to which she certainly did go; and the shilling's worth of fiery gin she drank made her insensible of grief or sorrow, when, at

twelve o'clock, she was half carried by a neighbour to her miserable room where her child was dying.

John and Tim were still there. The doctor had been and gone. "There was no hope," he said. Ah, there was every hope. Hope that the poor suffering, struggling bit of humanity would soon find rest—soon be beyond the tortures of fear, cold, and hunger, and escape the life of shameless degradation which had brutalized her mother.

"Oh, Tim," John said, an hour later, when all was over, and the friends were walking toward Jarvis's Yard, "Oh, Tim, what a hell upon earth you are leaving. I'm sick, and that low, when I think I mayn't be able to get away too. Oh, Tim, when you get to America don't forget me; get someone to write for you, and tell me what life is like there. If it's like this I'd sooner drown myself than go on with it. I can't get them poor children out of my head. And the dying child thinking of them when she was at the worst, and saying, what would become of them! and the mother lying beastly drunk! Well, the child has gone, anyway; and while I've a penny, and stay in the neighbourhood, I'll share it with the two poor creatures that's left. Good-night, Tim, and thank you kindly for all you've done for me."

"Good-night, John. Don't fear that I'll forget you wherever I go; and, if you can get leave, I'll come and sleep with you to-morrow night; for to-

morrow I'm giving up my room, and I'm to send my box away to Liverpool on Friday morning. I keep a small box to go with me, but my box of clothes I send off to be put on the ship on Friday.'

"All right, Tim ; I'll ask Mr. Jarvis's leave, and he isn't the man to refuse to let me have a friend up in my little room. Good-night."

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning Mr. Jarvis had reached the Yard before John was awake. He was aroused by the master calling up for the keys of the stables.

John arose, dropped the key down from the window to Mr. Jarvis ; then hastily dressed and descended. " I'm sorry I'm late, sir," he said "and I hope you'll not think it'll happen again. I went to see my friend Tim Pearson last night, him as I told you was going to America, and a little girl in the next room to Tim's, a child I knew, was taken bad, and I run for the doctor ; and Tim and me stayed there till the last of the poor *creature*. Her mother was brought in dead drunk, and the place wasn't decent for a poor dying child. We stayed on, sir ; and it was past one o'clock when I got here. I looked at the horses, everyone of them, before I turned in."

Mr. Jarvis regarded him, John thought, incredulously while he recounted the little history, but said little. And when half-past five came, and John was obliged to leave off in the stables to get ready for his other work, the job-master invited

him to go round with him to his lodgings and share his breakfast.

A good hot breakfast of coffee, bread, and bacon awaited them in Mr. Jarvis's comfortable room. There was a little stove instead of the customary grate, a bright fire burned in it. On the top the coffee-pot boiled and bubbled; beside this, at a little distance, a saucepan with milk, and between this the pan of sliced bacon, fried and frizzled. On the table there were cups and saucers, sugar and bread.

"I took this room from a Frenchman," Mr. Jarvis said. "He had it fitted up with the stove, and he taught me how to cook my breakfast and how to make coffee, and I'll warrant you'll never taste better coffee, though I do say it. The French know how to live and make the best of everything."

John certainly did enjoy his breakfast that morning, and when it was finished helped Mr. Jarvis to put away and lock up the remnants.

"The lodging-housekeeper would wash up," he said, "and do the room."

"Now," said John, at parting, "I've one favour more to ask, sir. It's the last night my friend will be here, and if I might have him to sleep with me I'd be very thankful."

"All right," said Mr. Jarvis, "I have no special objections; but I'll tell you at noon. I'll see you

at Mason's then ; good-day," and John went away to his work.

It was so dark when he reached the buildings that he could scarcely find his way about the place, and work was out of the question, even his work, much less the work of the mechanics. However, much as he felt on the subject of beginning work before there was light sufficient to do it, he determined to hold his peace, and, if possible, avoid more unpleasantness from his fellow-workmen.

He was groping his way about a dark outer room, where he knew his work would be for that day, when a voice called to him the information that it was eight o'clock.

"All right," said John, "I just heard it strike ; what's up ?"

"Why, breakfast," said the voice ; "ain't you got none ?"

"Oh ! breakfast ?" said John, "thank you. I had mine before I came."

"Oh, oh !" said the man, "so you 'av 'ad your breakfast, 'ave ye, I thought so. So you're goin' to come here an' teach us all our dooty, are ye ? Well, I never thought, not even in Bees' Buildings, to find such a sneak. You'll do, you will. The gov'nor, old Ironsides, he'll permote you, he will ; yer such a honest, hindustrous chap, and never wor locked up, never : and yer family, they're so respectable, an' ye helped Jarvis with his horses

last night, didn't you, an' had Cond'y's room to sleep in, hadn't ye, but Ccndy he'll settle that with ye before night, I'll warrant." So saying the man retired, and John heard loud laughter and applause from the other men, who had assembled for their breakfast.

It now became sufficiently light for John to get to work, to which he set with a willing hand but a heavy heart, and the morning passed without further annoyance.

At noon Mr. Mason called him to the "office," and gave him a message from Jarvis, that he was quite welcome to have his friend, Tim Pearson, with him for the night.

"I suppose, sir," John said, "he wanted time to find was my friend a decent chap? He's all that, and no one can say a word against him."

"I think," said Mr. Mason, "that Jarvis probably found out that your story was true about the cause of your being so late last night. He told me he heard you and your friend had been with the poor child that died of neglect."

"Oh, that was it," said John. "Well, I can't wonder nobody believes anything we say, though I didn't think Mr. Jarvis doubted the story I told him. We couldn't leave the poor child. Tim gave the mother a shilling to run out and get something to give the poor creature, and the mother never come back till she was carried in dead drunk. The

child as died was the eldest of six, two of them are in the cripples' home, and one in the home for incurables, though I believe they were born all right in mind and limb. The mother maimed them in her drunken fits, and she'll probably do the same for the two poor children left her. It was the cries of one of them she was beating, that took us in last night."

"How dreadful these things are," Mr. Mason said. "It sickens one to hear of the torture to which the children of vicious parents are subjected, and they nearly always have children. What swarms of poor, half-starved little creatures you have in the buildings."

"Oh, sir," John said, "it's wonderful what a lot there is of them, and scarcely a healthy child of the lot, but they grow up mostly somehow or another. I remember once when I an' another boy in the buildings were the only two that had nothing the matter with us. Some had broken backs, some crippled legs, or twisted arms, some deaf, one dumb, and nearly all had bad eyes. Yet there were few deaths, though swarms of children."

"So much for the theory of poverty and vice being a check on population," said Mr. Mason. "You'll hardly believe it, but I went to a lecture once in a great hall, where a man was lecturing to a grand assembly, and he told them that if the people all became civilised and prosperous, they would

multiply so fast that there would be no food for them in a certain number of years, and that the principal check on population was poverty and vice. I could hardly believe my ears, but he said that, and afterwards I got a book he mentioned, and there it was sure enough set down as a law."

"Is that the reason, then," John asked, almost fiercely, "that they keeps us paupers, that they do everything to keep us as we are?"

"I don't know that, John, I only know that no one who listened to the lecturer, except myself, gave any signs of surprise."

"Oh, well," John said, "I suppose there is a God above us who surely didn't make one half the world to serve as a stepping-stone to help the other half over every trouble. Please God, sir, I'll be away from the country and all belonging to me this day twelve-month."

"I will do all I can to help you," Mr. Mason said, "and for the present, you can go to work after this week on the Hampstead job."

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHN'S heart bounded with delight at the prospect of getting away from the taunts of the men with whom he was at present working, and who knew all about his former life and family. He went away and got a bit of dinner, and the afternoon passed quickly. When he left off work he went and helped Tim with his box, and the friends passed the evening and night together. Tim's box was opened, and its contents inspected and admired, and many a plan was made for the future.

"I'm going now, Tim," John said, "to take the first move toward America. On Monday I go to Hampstead to the other works, and it'll not be long till I see you again. The master is that kind and considerate, and takes such an interest in me, and Jarvis too ; I never thought, Tim, to find such friends in the task masters that I've heard abused since I could understand abuse. I wonder, Tim, how it is so many poor lads go to the bad believing that there's no use in trying to do better. There's the preachers and the Society people always talking

about us, and trying to talk us into a better life ; but who cares for words ? Sure we all suspect these people—God knows of what ; but the lowest one amongst us thinks the clergy and the Society people have something to gain by our reformation. I can't understand it at all. Your clergy are better, Tim. The Catholic clergy understand us better somehow."

"I don't know that, John. They visit us oftener, I know, and the convents are very good for the poor ; but sure the Sisters care nothing for us ourselves. They've got their eyes fixed on a great crown of glory, and they use their charity to the poor as one of the biggest stepping-stones to it. The priests are the same ; they never try to make us happier here. They bind themselves to miserable promises, and look always away from this world for happiness, and are always abusing the happiness they have turned their backs on. They never try to civilize us. It's always the same story with them. We may live like pigs, wallowing in our filth. It's no sin, they'll tell you, so long as you go regularly to your priest and attend mass. Sure they could teach brute beasts the road to a church, and if we are never taught anything better than them, and nobody tells or teaches us how to think, how are we better than they ?"

"Well, Tim, I suppose someone understands all this. There'll be a terrible day of reckoning to

them that could make it all clear to us, and don't open their lips. I'm very down, Tim, when I think of your going—leastways, of myself being left here alone."

"Well, John, I'm sorry to leave you. But you're not like me. You have your father and mother here; I have nobody that'll miss me but yourself."

"What's father or mother, Tim, if they're like mine? Why, I never remember seeing either of them, that they wer'n't drunk, or like fiends, because there was no more drink to be got; why, all the children, ten of us in all, every one but me, died in their infancy, of abuse; and I would have died, if they could have found any means short of knocking out my brains, that would kill me. I've been thrown down stairs from top to bottom, and had my arm and collar-bone broke; I've been removed in the old woman's arms—her that kept me for sixpence a day before I could walk; I've been nearly scalded to death sleeping on the floor before the grate, the old woman drunk, of course, tipped the teakettle of boiling water on me; and I remember when our little sister Nelly was burnt to death: she was the fourth that was murdered by the mother in drink. Twice I was near being burnt to death: once when poor Tommy—you remember Tommy?—well, him and me were locked up together in the room, whilst the

mother went away, as usual, on her begging expedition. Nelly was the baby then ; and the child was drugged in the morning, and carried out as stock in trade, to excite the pity of the passers-by, with her poor pinched face ; while Tommy and me were locked up for the day, with a loaf of bread, and some brown sugar, as our only food. It had got nearly dark, and the fire had gone out, and Tommy wanted some bread soaked in hot water, with sugar in it ; so I broke up an old box, and lit the fire with a lot of paper, and some straw from Tommy's and my bed, and this made a great blaze. All at once we heard a roar up the chimney, then we saw a red glare outside the window, and sparks of fire flying through the air. We lived in Thomas's-place then, just behind where we are now living. The front houses hid the one we were in, for it was lower ; and it was sometime before the fire was seen ; and then we heard the engines tearing into the court. The water dashed against our window, and poured down the chimney. There were we locked in. The window was too high for me to get poor Tommy up to it, or we should both have jumped from it. You know Tommy was a cripple. Well, I made all the noise I could at the door, but nobody came. The poor child shrieked at first, but after a minute or two sat down on the floor, with his little hand pressed against his heart, and his big blue eyes rolling up, I thought, with

fright. I went and sat down beside him on the floor. I was that frightened myself, that I could hardly speak, and, of course, I was crying ; but I made myself as brave as I could, for the child had once had a fit, and I feared the fright might bring on another. So I took his little head on my shoulder, and put my arm around him, and then I found him gasping for breath. He tried to speak, poor little man ; but all I could make out was, ‘ Is I dyin’, John ? ’ Well, the room got darker and darker. I had no candle ; I flew to the door. I tore at the lock, till my poor little fingers bled ; I shrieked, but no one heard me. At last I grew dizzy, and fell down beside the little brother. Ah ! he wasn’t there then, Tim. He’d gone away beyond bolts and bars, as I felt my hand touched his cold cheek, and I heard a smothered gasp. I knew nothing more after that, till I awoke ten days afterward, as if from a dream, in — Hospital. I thought it was Heaven I had gone to—a clean bed, soft pillows, fresh air, and the songs of birds coming through the open window ; sweet voices, and gentle words, and kind faces all around me—that’s what I saw and heard when I came to myself in — Hospital.

“ ‘ Is this Heaven, ma’am ? ’ I asked a lady, standing near me.

“ ‘ No, my dear, she said ; ‘ this is the Children’s Hospital. You have been very ill ; but

now if you keep quite quiet, you will soon be well.'

" 'Will I be sent away, when I'm better, ma'am?' says I.

" 'Yes, my dear, directly you are better you shall go home.'

" Home, Tim ! She little knew what it was she was promising me, but the word brought back the terrible scene of my last night *at home*, and I grew dizzy and fell back on my pillow.

" Weeks I lay there ill, and at last one of the ladies as came to nurse asked leave and took me to her own house at Barnet. It was there I lived for nearly two years, her teaching me to read and write, and everything I know. She was an angel, Tim, if ever there was one on the earth. But at last the mother came and claimed wages for me, and, of course, I was 'arnin' nothing. I went to school all day, and in the evening Mrs. Bennett, that was the lady's name, taught me things they didn't teach at school ; and all I ever had to do was to carry up the little sticks of wood to the upper rooms, for she always burnt wood upstairs, and in summer I helped her in her little garden. Well, the mother took me away and brought me up to her own trade. But, Tim, I am as sure as I sit here, that it's the two years' experience I had in the house of a Christian lady, that gives me the longing to leave this other life behind me. There

now, Tim, you're dying with sleep, and I've made you as gloomy as myself. Good-night, and God bless you."

"Good-night, John, and the same to you," and the two young men betook themselves to their humble but comfortable beds of clean straw.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning the friends parted, and John said adieu to Tim less gloomily than either had anticipated. Tim was soon on his way to America, *via* Liverpool, and John returned to his work. The remaining time of his stay in Mr. Jarvis's yard was made as comfortable as the job-master could manage, but the men who were still on strike did all they could to annoy and vex him, his fellow-workmen at the new buildings never spoke to him, and he constantly heard sneering remarks concerning himself and his two friends and employers. However, he had now a very short time to be with them, and at last the Saturday noon came to him, he received his pay and took leave of his tormenters. He felt lonely and depressed at losing the friendly support of the two employers, but the thought of turning his back upon his old associations comforted him, and he at once turned his steps in the direction of Hampstead. His expenses during the week had been paid by the money he earned after working hours, and when he arrived at Hampstead, he had nearly his entire three and a

half days' wages ; with this he bought a change of under-clothing and some necessary articles of toilet, and arrived at the address given him by Mr. Mason, with a small bundle, all his worldly goods, tied up in a coloured cotton handkerchief. The house to which he was directed was a labouring man's lodging-house, kept by the foreman of the works, to whom Mr. Mason had given John a line of introduction and recommendation. The foreman was at home and received him kindly, and after a few civil words of welcome, conducted him to the room where he was to sleep in company with six other men.

"You had best take this bed here in the corner," said the master of the house. "You'll be out of the way of the men coming in at night, and as I suppose you know, they don't often come in sober. If you have money or anything valuable you'd best take it down stairs and give it to my Missus, and she'll lock it up. When you're ready to come down, you'll find us in the room we've just left."

Poor John had no valuables, as we know. So, depositing his bundle on the bed indicated, he followed the host down-stairs. On the landing at the top of the staircase a great flaring jet of gas burned, showing the dirty condition of everything near. In the room, smelling of tobacco, beer, and soap-suds, John found a number of men assembling round a bare, dirty table, where several pots of beer and

some plates and dishes showed signs of an approaching meal. As the men seated themselves at the table, they, one and all, produced from their pockets, or from greasy-looking bundles, small brown-paper parcels containing slices of ham or beef, and some bread and cheese. The men sat down with their hats on ; few used plates or dishes ; a pocket-knife served for cutlery, and they all drank beer from the several pewter mugs. A woman at the far end of the room was washing clothes, and the steam from her tub mingled unpleasantly with the other odours in the room. Beyond the washing-tub John saw what he took to be a bed ; but even with his experience in Bees' Buildings, he could scarcely believe any human being would attempt to sleep in such an atmosphere.

He had sat down on a bench near the table, at the end nearest the door, whilst the master of the house had gone to speak to the woman. John was wondering how the men came by their supper—whether they brought it in or were supplied by the master, when he was relieved by the foreman returning and asking, "Will you take your meals with us, or will you bring in what you want?"

"Oh, if you please, I would like to have them with you ; or if that's not convenient, I'll go out for what I want," said John.

"That's as you please," the foreman replied. "You can get your beer from the 'King's Arms,'

there across the street ; and any meat you want at Moss's, around the corner. But perhaps it will be best for you to take what you want with my missus and me, as you are, Mr. Mason says in his note, not acquainted with London ways."

John was rather surprised to hear this piece of information, but he knew Mr. Mason had an object in making such a statement, so he said nothing to contradict it. So he simply answered that he would be glad of the arrangement proposed ; and then ventured to ask how long the work in Hampstead would last.

"The buildings are to be finished in September, possession to be given the owner on the 29th ; but what with strikes and holidays, and men dropping off work, and one thing and another, I don't believe the work will be done on the 29th of October."

"What has old 'Flintskin' to pay if the buildings are not finished up to contract?" asked one of the men at the table.

"Oh, nothing," replied the foreman. "He had strike and other protection clauses in the contract. I'll warrant he has taken care of himself," the man said. "I wish it was fifty pounds a day he would have to pay. I'd help the owners to a few fifties."

"Why?"

At the question asked by John, several men who had hitherto paid little attention to what was going

on, turned round, and regarded the questioner sharply.

“ ‘Why?’ ” said the man who had spoken—“ why you must be a duffer to ask that ! ”

“ I don’t know that I’m more of a duffer than some others,” John said ; “ but all the same, as it’s so easy to answer what you seem to understand so well, I make bold to ask you again why you would be glad to bring loss on your employer ? ”

“ Oh, you do, do you ? ” the man replied. “ Well, then, Mr. Lofty, it’s because my employer, as you call him, grinds us poor men down like slaves, that he may pile up money ; because whilst we poor men do his work, he gets the gain and the credit ; and when the work’s done, little he cares for the poor working-man that has made his fortune for him—him makin’ his bargain that at a certain time, day, and hour he’ll have the work done that’s to be ground out of the sinews of poor men. Let him, and the likes of him, make his bargains : me, and the likes of me, will help to break them.”

The speaker was an Irishman, whose eloquent orations were of frequent occurrence, and his fellow-workmen laughed, and cheered this outburst. But John became really puzzled, and desirous of knowing if, behind the seeming interest of Mr. Mason, there lay hidden tyranny and selfishness, so, as he observed that the men were all amused, and not

likely to be offended at any question he put to his Irish opponent, he quietly asked—

“How did the master get the means and the power of ‘grinding,’ as you call it, the poor working-man?”

“How do I know that? Bad luck to him!” said Pat, “I suppose he got *the means* and *the power* as others before him got it—by money.”

“But how did he come by the money?”

“How do I know! Stole it from the sweat of our brow, like the rest of them. And to see him goin’ about with the airs of a gentleman, and giving his orders like a lord—him as was a labourer’s son, and brought up in a charity school, if all one hears is true!”

“It’s true enough, then,” said John, “for he told me so himself; and now I ask you, who are abusing him, how he came to the position he’s got? Did a rich man give him his money and tell him to use it for the purpose of grinding down the poor? or did the government that we’re always finding fault with give him the money for the same purpose? Did he find it in the street? or did he work hard day and night from the time he was fourteen, when his father died? Did he deprive himself of everything but the bare necessities of life that he might keep his mother and little brother out of the workhouse? Yes, he did; and it was by hard work, self-denial, and honest industry that Mr. Mason rose to where he is, and I’m

sure no one here would deprive him of the fruits of his life-long labour if they could."

John had begun the speech in a quiet, low tone, but as the words came readily to his aid, and he found it easy to say what he wished in defence of his friend, he grew more and more excited, unconsciously raised his voice, and stood up.

Some men had come in at the beginning of Pat's denunciation, and now gathered around the speaker in reply; and as John finished speaking he was vexed to see that others as well as himself were excited, and that a row was brewing. This he wished of all things to avoid, and by a clever turn did avoid.

"I ask your pardon," he said to the Irishman, "if I have spoken offensively, but Mr. Mason has been my good friend, and I'm sure an Irishman would be the last to blame me for standing up for a friend behind his back."

"You never spoke a thruer word nor that," said Pat, "and if Misther Mason's been a friend to you he could not be the friend of a thruer man, an' give me yer hand, ould fellow."

And John's hand was clasped by very dirty fingers. Further interchange of civilities was prevented by the mistress of the house calling her husband and John to the other end of the room, where, at the extreme end of the long table, she had prepared their supper.

CHAPTER XV.

THE meal consisted of bread, cheese, sliced bacon and beer. There was no cloth on the table, and the dishes in use were of different patterns and colours. The foreman's wife, a young, pretty woman, was dirty and slatternly. Her print dress unfastened at the throat exposed a triangular strip of bare neck. Her hair hanging in uncombed tufts around her face and neck, her arms bare and very dirty, and the front of her dress wet and splashed from the wash-tub, presented a picture of unthriftiness and misery sad to see in a young wife and mother. They were about to commence the uninviting meal when the wailing cry of a young child came from the bed in the corner, and a poor sickly-looking baby was taken up by the mother, who fretfully complained that she never had a moment of rest. The child, only a few months old, rubbed its poor little eyes which it could scarcely keep open in the thick smoky atmosphere, and then fell into a piteous wailing cry.

John ate his bread and bacon in silence, and as soon as possible took his leave of the family circle.

The following Monday morning he commenced work at new employment tending bricklayers, and at this he worked steadily and uninterruptedly till the 29th of September, when, contrary to the predictions of the foreman, the new buildings were completed and the men taken away to other works. Mr. Mason had often seen John during the summer; but knowing the jealousy with which a favourite of the "Guvnor's" was regarded, he had refrained from any notice or conversation beyond that which he held with the other workmen. But now, when the day came for disbanding the Hampstead staff, the master paid John last, and detained him after the others had adjourned to the public.

"I hope," said Mr. Mason, "you have given up the notion of going to America. I have heard nothing but good of you, and I can give you a job on other and lighter work than you have been doing, and much better pay."

"Thank you kindly," said John; "and I hope, sir, you won't think me unmindful of all you have done for me; but I have worked for one thing only, and that is to get away from the life of a poor man in England. I have saved every penny I could, and I have just enough to buy my ticket and to get a few decent articles of clothing. So, sir, I'm going to start to-morrow for Liverpool, and the only thing that I feel sad about at leaving my native land for ever is that you wish me to stay."

"Well, well, John, I'll wish you good luck wherever you go ; but I'm afraid you will be disappointed in America. I believe it to be easier to save money here than there. The elements of success are the same there as here, and if applied in the same way will show the same results."

"I don't quite understand what you say, sir, but my friend Tim writes to me that life is entirely different, and that his sister lives like a lady, and her husband only foreman at some works like your foreman Lambert here ! And look how Lambert lives—him and his young wife—and he earning such wages. Why, sir, they know as little about comfort and cleanliness as the people in Bees Buildings."

"That's because they don't know how to live. Lambert was a hard-working steady young man till he married a poor girl who had been brought up in idleness, and never taught how to make the most of life. Now they have two children, and his home is so comfortless, that I fear Lambert goes too often to the public house. He is not the man he was before he married, and I should not wonder if he went quite to the bad."

"Well, sir, what better chance have I of ever being comfortable here ? If I were to get married I might be worse off than Lambert, for his wife is sober at least ; and if I live single and stay in lodgings, I spend my days in a home little better

than a pigstye. No, sir, I'll go on and on till I find better. I've often thought when I read stories of wild savage life, that it's far better than the life I and the likes of me live here in England."

Mr. Mason said no more, but giving John a little present in money, and obtaining the promise of a letter when the young man should get settled in the New World, they parted, and John, the very next day, started for Liverpool, from whence he sailed as emigrant passenger in the ship *City of Boston*.

PART II.

"Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his council? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house and hath said unto Sloth, Thou art mine enemy."

CHAPTER XVI.

POOR John Brown had an unusually long and very rough passage out to the New World. The discomforts of an emigrant passage across the Atlantic can scarcely be exaggerated. He had suffered sea-sickness from the first day of sailing. He was packed with hundreds of others between decks, in a space insufficient for half the number. Of coarse food there was abundance, but few well enough to eat it, and nothing more delicate provided for the sick. He could not touch the fat boiled beef, bacon, suet dumplings, and potatoes served daily to the poor penned creatures ; and but for the little packet of tea, the pot of condensed milk, and tin of biscuits, with which nearly all had

provided themselves before embarking, many would have sunk with hunger and exhaustion. And yet, surrounded as he was with horrors indescribable, John never regretted the step he had taken, or wished himself back again in England. Throughout he had found comfort in the thought and belief that this road, bad as it was, would lead him to a happier life than had been hitherto his ; and this belief supported him through the dark days of his terrible experience.

When the ship arrived at New York, he at once took his ticket, as instructed by a letter from Tim, to Lowell, Massachusetts, where he arrived one bright but cold October morning, and found Tim waiting at the railway-station to receive and give him welcome. It was a joyous meeting. John seemed for the first time to realise that he had reached the country upon which for the past six months his thoughts had been fixed. He grasped Tim's hand over and over again, and would have forgotten all else, had he not been reminded of his luggage, and that they must be thinking of lodgings, &c. At New York, before starting, he had been given a small brass plate bearing a number, in exchange for his box, with which he had reluctantly parted, though assured by a railway official that it was "all right," and that he would find his "baggage" at Lowell.

"This is all I have to show for my box, Tim.

A fellow gave me this, and fastened another like it with a strap to the handle, and said it was *all right* for Lowell, an' not a sight of it have I seen since."

"So it *is* all right," said Tim. "Come away quick, or we'll lose the express."

"Are we going on farther?" John asked, following Tim.

"Oh, no," Tim answered; "I mean the express that takes up the luggage."

They ran along the platform to where some porters were loading a great van with luggage which had come in by the train. John saw his box on the platform, and pointed it out to Tim, who gave the bit of brass to a man, who entered the number it bore in a book, gave him a bit of paper, took off the other brass plate which was strapped to the handle of the box, and demanded "Where to?"

"Three hundred and —, Washington Street," Tim said; and the box was deposited on the van, which drove rapidly away.

"Now," said Tim, "we'll just go in here, and when you have had a bit of breakfast I'll take you to a barber's to get your hair cut and a shave, and then I'll show you your lodgings—boarding-houses we call them here."

At a little inn and restaurant John got a breakfast of coffee, fried ham and eggs, delicious bread

and butter, for the sum of 2s., or half a dollar. He then, at Tim's suggestion, had his hair cut and "shampooed," had a good wash, and was shaved, and then accompanied his friend to his new home.

"Dinner is at half-past twelve," Tim said ; "and you'll have time to change your things. I suppose you have some clean things ; if not, I'll lend you some. I board with my sister, but I got you a room and board in a house just next door, and I can get whatever you want directly."

"Thank you," John said, "but I have plenty. I never had the chance of changing the whole passage till we got into New York harbour, so I have plenty shirts and everything."

"Well, then ; do you go directly to your room, or stay, I'll go with you, and make yourself as tidy as you can. These people here think a great deal about looks, and a man is thought good for nothing if he is not well dressed."

"And right they are," said John. "If a man doesn't dress well in a country where every kind of work is well paid for, sure it's a sign of a miser, or that he squanders his money. I'm not the one, Tim, to find fault with any rules that'll make us respect ourselves."

"Well, John, you'll find the people here think plenty of themselves. They think there never was nor ever will be a nation like theirs, or a people so smart—that's their word for clever here. If you

say a man's clever, they take it you mean he's a good-natured softy. But here we are ; this is Mrs. Goodrich's boarding-house."

Tim led the way up some very white steps, opened a door without ringing or knocking, and John followed him through a long passage into a large kitchen. Here they found two women at work, evidently preparing a meal ; but John had little time to notice anything, for Tim, immediately on entering the room, addressed the tallest and eldest of the women and introduced " Mr. Brown " to " Mrs. Goodrich."

" How do you do, Mr. Brown ? I hope I see you well," the lady said.

" Thank you, ma'am," returned John ; " I'm very well."

" Has my friend's 'trunk' come?" enquired Tim.

" Oh, yes ; it's in the hole. Matilda Jane, will you show Mr. Pearson Mr. Brown's trunk ; and perhaps Mr. Pearson will help carry it up—Nathaniel ain't come home from school yet."

" All right," Tim said ; " we'll manage that, and won't trouble Miss Goodrich, if you'll tell me which room my friend's to have."

" I guess it's No. 12, ain't it, Matilda Jane?"

" Yes," that young lady answered ; " the second door to the right, at the top of the first stairs. Thank you, Mr. Pearson, we *are* rather busy now getting dinner."

John and Tim carried the little box upstairs, and deposited it in No. 12, a very small, but extremely clean, neat bedroom.

A single bed, covered with a white bedspread, stood in one corner. Beside this, and under the one window, a square table, also covered with a white cloth, served as a dressing-table. Upon it there was a good-sized dressing-glass and a jug and tumbler. Against the wall, near the door, stood a washhand-stand, ewer, and basin. A grayish carpet covered the floor; and a chair and towel-stand completed the furniture.

Poor John had never been even the temporary proprietor of such a habitation before. He looked about him in amazement, and was glad when Tim left him to himself that he might enjoy unobserved his delight and surprise. Tim told him to change his *linen* and come down as quickly as he could, as the men would be coming in now to their dinner, and when the toilette was made and a decently-dressed, nice-looking young man, with a happy expression of face and a good strong figure, stood before the little glass in the neatly furnished room, is it to be wondered that he scarcely believed it all a reality, or that he was the same John Brown who used to live in Bees' Buildings, Blanque Court, as dirty, idle, and intemperate as the rest of the inhabitants.

"Thank God," he exclaimed fervently, "it's all

true, and I haven't been deceived. This *is* life, and may I never forget to be thankful for my release from bondage."

A great bell now rung, and John descended to the passage, where he found Tim waiting for him.

"Mrs. Goodrich has asked me to stay to dinner with you, John, and we'll go in now," said his friend.

They entered a large, clean, airy room, furnished with a very long table, at either side of which were rows of chairs, and upon which was spread a white cloth, with plates, knives, forks, and spoons, and the usual appurtenances of the dinner-table. Several men were already in the room, and others followed, all neatly and cleanly dressed, and all with coats on. John had time to notice this, and also to observe that the room was furnished with a large stove at the upper end, that the three windows looked into the street, and were half-curtained with white muslin; that the floor was painted a dark colour; that there were strips of a grayish carpet around the table, where the men's feet would otherwise have rested on the floor; and that a map and some prints hung on the wall.

Tim would have enjoyed his friend's surprise and admiration but for the fear that it would be observed by the other men, and, however willing he was to acknowledge the superiority of their position (in America, when compared to the same class in Eng-

land) to himself or to his newly-arrived friend, he did not wish to acknowledge it to the natives.

"They do so crow about their country and their *institutions*," he afterwards explained to John, "you'd think there wasn't a country in the world but theirs." So, upon the present occasion, he gave John a hint to restrain his looks and words of admiration.

Now, a door leading from the dining-room to the kitchen opened, and the mistress of the house came in with a steaming dish carried with both hands. This was a large piece of boiled beef, garnished with turnips, carrots, and potatoes; the dish was deposited at the upper end of the table, and Mrs. Goodrich returned to the kitchen and soon appeared again, this time accompanied by her daughter, who assisted her mother to carry a large tray of vegetables of various descriptions, and another dish of meat. When these were all stationed at intervals on the table, Mrs. Goodrich announced dinner, and the men all took their seats. Besides the viands brought in during John's presence, there were on the table white and brown bread, delicious looking yellow cakes, butter, and some kind of nice stewed fruit. Mrs. Goodrich, at the head of the table, carved the boiled beef. Tim, who had been asked to take the seat at the bottom of the table, served the other dish, which proved to be baked pork and beans. The daughter and son

(Matilda Jane and Nathaniel) waited at table, and the meal was quickly and well served. After the meat, plates were changed, and apple pie, cheese, apple sauce, bread-and-butter were passed round. John Brown had never assisted at such a meal before, but long before it was finished he had decided that, unless he got immediate work and high wages, life like this was far too expensive for him. He would, he thought, speak to Tim about it immediately after dinner, but unluckily Tim was sent for before dinner was finished, and informed John that he found he was obliged to go back to his work, as the man who had taken his place in the forenoon was obliged to go elsewhere.

"I'll leave my friend with you, Mrs. Goodrich. I know you won't let him be lonesome for want of something to do, and I'll see you again this evening."

So saying, Tim departed, leaving our friend with the household of the Goodrich family.

John felt very shy, but the first words of the hostess put him at his ease.

"If you ain't really busy, Mr. Brown," said she, "I *should* be glad of your help for an hour or so. Nathaniel, that's my boy, has a lecture this afternoon at two at the Mechanics' *Institoot*, and can't stay to do all the chores, and——"

"Oh," John said readily, "I'll do anything I can, and be thankful for a lesson in anything that'll be

useful to you," and so saying he followed her to the kitchen, where he found Matilda Jane, her sleeves rolled up and with a great enveloping apron, washing and scrubbing pots and kettles.

"Well," said the landlady, "if you'll fill the wood-boxes in the kitchen, and fill the *biler* for me, and just make up the fire in the stove, and carry out this pig's pail and feed the pigs, I guess by that time I'll have the coffee ready to grind. You see," she explained, "this is baking day, and the *wurst* day Nathaniel could have for his lecture; but I suppose he couldn't make *them* change the day, and he thinks he's a little behind now."

All this time Mrs. Goodrich was working. She had rolled up her sleeves till nothing of them was to be seen save a circular puff at the shoulder. She had put on an apron which quite surrounded her skirts. She had, by pulling two buttons at the belt of her gown, affected some invisible machinery which shortened her dress several inches. She had seized a great tin pail (emptied therein a cupful of salt), and was filling it up with hot water, which passed though a kind of double sieve or strainer, from the boiler attached to the cooking-stove.

Matilda Jane meanwhile scrubbed and scoured away, depositing pots and kettles, when satisfied with their brightness, on some shelves over the sink where she worked.

John, with some further instructions, proceeded to do the work. The wood-boxes were soon filled from cord wood cut and piled in the yard ready for use. The boiler was refilled from a pump in the sink where Matilda Jane continued to work. The pigs were fed, and the pail restored to its usual place outside the kitchen door, and now he was ready to grind the coffee, but Matilda Jane protested against this till her work in the near vicinity of the coffee-mill was finished. So John put on his coat and sat down near the stove, and watched with intense interest the proceedings of these two women.

The pail of hot salt-water prepared by Mrs. Goodrich was reduced, by adding cold from the pump, to a certain temperature, and then poured into a great trough where, she said, the bread was *set*. She then proceeded to make and mould, cutting off huge pieces of dough from the mass in the trough, and forming round, soft loaves, which were placed on a board sprinkled with flour near the fire. When all were done, the process was changed for pastry baking. A quantity of flour was sifted on the baking-board, a large piece of dripping, a piece of butter, some salt, and baking-powder, were quickly rubbed into the flour. This was mixed lightly and gradually with cold water, rolled out, spread with butter, sprinkled with flour, doubled up and rolled out again. Then a number of

large dinner-plates, which looked as if they had seen service, were buttered and spread with pastry, which was pressed and fitted to the shape of the plate, cut off all round, filled with apple-sauce, a covering of pastry put over all, marked and cut with a pastry-cutter at the edge, and put in a cold larder opening from the kitchen. Some two or three dozen of these "pies" were made, and then Mrs. Goodrich returned to her bread. Each loaf was taken up, remoulded, put in a pan which held six loaves, and the pans were put in the oven of the great cooking-stove, until it could hold no more. By this time Matilda Jane had finished "washing up." John had not been unobservant of her and her work. He had noticed how quickly and deftly she washed plates and dishes in a great pan of soap-suds ; how she had piled them up ingeniously in another large pan, the dishes and plates all made to stand on edge ; how, when all were washed and so bestowed, she poured boiling water over them to rince off the soap ; and then, unfolding a clean white towel, how quickly she wiped the nearly-dried hot plates and dishes. All these she arranged in separate piles, the largest at the bottom ; and when each pyramid was completed, how quickly she carried them to the dressers. All this John saw, and his wonder grew greater and greater at the amount of work these two women managed to accomplish. At 3 o'clock dishes, plates.

pots, kettles, knives, forks, everything used at dinner, had been washed, cleaned, and put away. The sink had been scrubbed out with soft-soap, hot water, and scrubbing-brush. The bread was all ready to bake, and was baking by instalments, and, wondering what would happen next, he watched Matilda Jane light a candle, and, with a great tin pan, prepare to leave the room.

"Can I help you now, miss?" he asked.

"Well, yes, if you will come and carry the pan for me," Matilda Jane answered. "I'm going down cellar for the potatoes."

"Bring up some apple-sass, Matilda," her mother said, "if you're going down cellar."

And John followed Miss Goodrich down a very perpendicular staircase into a subterranean chamber, but for the candle they carried, perfectly dark.

Matilda Jane pounced upon a barrel of potatoes, and in an incredibly short time filled the big pan which John carried. Then a basin, which she had seized as she passed the kitchen dresser, was filled with something dipped from another barrel, and they returned to the kitchen.

John deposited the pan of potatoes in the sink, as directed by Miss Goodrich, and then observed that she had filled her basin with some dark red stewed fruit, like that he had seen on the dinner-table.

"Is that apple sauce?" he asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Goodrich answered. "That is cider sass."

"Cider?" said John.

"Yes ; don't you make your winter sauce with cider in England, Mr. Brown?" said Matilda Jane.

"I don't know," John said. "I never saw it red like that before."

"It's the cider does that," Mrs. Goodrich answered ; "when apples are very plenty in the fall, you see, there's many as won't *dry*, and some as won't keep long. So we *bile* down cider, from four to one quart's the rule, and preserve our apples in that. They'll keep two years when well made. This was made last fall."

"Well," John said, "you seem to know how to do everything. If I may make so bold as to ask, do you, mam, and Miss Goodrich, do all the work in this house for all the men I saw here to-day?"

"Every bit of it," Mrs. Goodrich answered, proudly, "washing and 'all. We have plenty to do, I can tell you, on bakin' and washin' days ; but Matilda Jane's about as smart as you'll find 'em, and I ain't very slow myself. Nathaniel helps all he can, but he wants to teach this winter, and the examination for teachers has got so hard that he's about as much as he can get through, I guess. So we hav' to do his chores half the time, and that's not women's work. I ain't afraid of any housework, but I do hate doin' of chores. I never had nothing

like that to do when Mr. Goodrich was alive. I always worked hard all my life, but I never had to do outdoor work."

"You have plenty to do without that," John said. "If you had a house like this in England, you would have two or three to help you, and everything would be cold and dirty, whilst here you and your daughter are dressed like ladies, and your place is as clean as a parlour. I hope, mam, I'm not making free, but all this is so new to me, that I can scarcely take it in. It seems as if instead of coming to another country, I've come to another world, where the living creatures are all made to look the same, but are entirely a different creation. By your leave, mam, I should like to learn how things are managed; and if you'll allow me, I'd be thankful to help you with the work any time I have an hour to spare."

"I'm much obliged," Mrs. Goodrich said, "but men don't need to know anything about housework. Men's business is to make the money, women's to use it and save as much as they can. Why, law bless you, when I was married I was only just eighteen, and we took boarders then. Mr. Goodrich, he did not know no more about housework than a baby. I did the work then for four men, and we saved all Mr. Goodrich's wages. He got a dollar and a half a day, and in two years we had paid for the furniture of our house and

saved two hundred and fifty dollars. Then we took this house and furnished it for boarders, and my husband got two dollars a day after that, and when he died he left me six hundred dollars in the bank, and this house bought and paid for, and that in ten years, Mr. Brown."

"Why shouldn't he," John said, "and you saving ev'ry copper of his money for him? I never heard the like of that. I don't see how you manage such a lot of work, and so easy too. Why, look what you've done since noon to-day, and not a bit of noise or fuss; it's wonderful, that's what it is."

All the time John and Mrs. Goodrich had been carrying on this conversation he had been standing beside a large table where she had spread an ironing blanket and sheet, and was starching and folding clothes. Matilda Jane had pumped a quantity of water into the pan of potatoes, and had scrubbed them clean with a brush, and then put them in a huge colander. After this was done she brought out from the larder the cold meat left at dinner. This she sliced up in small pieces and arranged on two dishes. The bits which were found too small or irregular were thrown into a round wooden bowl, and the marrow bone was carefully put aside. The plates of sliced beef were taken to the pantry, and a large dish of cold boiled potatoes brought out. John watched with interest Miss Goodrich's

movements as she quickly sliced the potatoes into the wooden bowl with the meat, a couple of onions were peeled and added, and then Matilda Jane sat down, and taking the bowl on her lap, began to chop meat, potatoes, and onions all together with a half-circular knife, having a wooden handle.

"Can I do that for you?" he said, leaving the ironing table and approaching the daughter.

"Oh dear, no," answered the indefatigable girl, "I've nothing particular to do now, and this is resting."

"Hard resting," John said; "but what is the chopping for, what'll you do with that?"

"This? why it's hash for breakfast to-morrow morning. Did you never see hash, Mr. Brown?"

"No," John said, "I don't think I ever did; what do you do with it when it's all chopped up?"

"Oh," Matilda Jane said, laughing at such ignorance, "I put it away in the larder till to-morrow morning. You see the breakfast is very early, and we prepare all we can the night before. So to-morrow morning Nathaniel comes down and lights the fire and puts the potatoes (those I've washed there in the colander) in the oven to bake. Then I come down and put this hash into a pan with some milk, a bit of butter, considerable pepper, and some salt. I cover the pan and let the hash stand on the stove to get hot. Then Ma comes

down and makes the coffee and toast, and fries the pork, while I get the table ready for breakfast ; but you see if we didn't do a good deal at night we would have a mighty lot to do in the morning, and would have to get up dreadfully early."

"Coffee and toast, and fried pork and hash," thought John ; "such breakfasts can't be for you, John Brown, with less than three pounds in your pocket, and as yet no work." And he sighed as he looked at Miss Goodrich, the most wonderful creature, he thought, in existence.

"Now," Mrs. Goodrich said, "why don't you go out for a stroll, Mr. Brown? I'm sure we're much obliged to you for your help. Supper's at six, and I daresay you'll like a little fresh air before that."

CHAPTER XVII.

JOHN took the landlady's hint that he was in the way, and very reluctantly left the kitchen and the house. He strolled through the streets, which struck him as uninteresting. The shop windows were not furnished with tempting articles of merchandise, and everyone he met seemed in a hurry. Men and women, all well dressed and respectable-looking people, hurried past him as if pursued. John was the only loungeur in the street, and he began to feel that his leisurely walk and pause at each shop window was attracting the attention of those who pushed by. At last he stopped before a building with an important looking entrance, to which stone steps led up from the street. Here he found swarms of men going in and out. From their dress he took them to be working men. But what they could be doing he could not guess. They nearly all carried small tin pails, and each man had in his hand one or two books. John stood at a distance and watched the stream of humanity pouring in and out the door for some minutes. Could it be beer or some other tippable, he won-

dered, that they all went for? and was the book their pass-book in which an account was kept? But some of them had two books, and many carried small baskets instead of pails. John could not make it out, and determined to ask. It must, he thought at last, be a dole these people were receiving. Why should not he inquire? So he crossed the street and addressed the first man he encountered.

"Will you tell me," he said, "if you please, what this building is, and what the people are all going in for?"

The man was pre-occupied looking at a half-open book, which John had time to observe was printed. He stopped, looked a moment at the questioner, and then, as if the question had just only reached him, said, "That? why that's 'The Library.'"

"Thank you, sir," John said; "can anyone get a book there?"

"Any member can. I guess you're a stranger in Lowell, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir; I only came this morning, and am just from England."

"Do tell," said the stranger; "well, I guess you ain't too late to see the library if you like, though strangers ain't admitted after four, and you'd better go in some other day when there's more time."

"Thank you kindly," John said, moving off with the stranger, who, like everybody else, seemed in a hurry. "But will you tell me why you all take the little cans or pails with you to the library?"

"Why, these are our dinner pails. We take our dinner to the works, and most all of us come this way once or twice a week to get our books; we stop on our way from work, don't you see. If you're going to work here in Lowell at the mills, you'd better get one of these pails. You see thir's a little lamp at the bottom inside; we light that and boil up our coffee or make tea, and we can heat everything we like; but I mostly like cold lunch and hot coffee. So you've just come from England? Had a good passage?"

"Well, no," John said, "not exactly; but, I believe pretty fair."

"Mean to stay over here, I guess, now you've got here, don't you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I shall, though I don't know how a working man brought up in England's to get on here; you all know so much and are so clever," John said, humbly.

"Yes, I guess we're smarter than the English; though I reckon we'd be little better here if we had your laws and *institootions*."

"I think it's the big wages you get here for every kind of work that makes you all so prosperous, that you can afford to educate your children."

"Well that, maybe, helps to make the difference between the two nations; though our *institootions* of compulsory education, *freedom* of speech, *liberty* of action, universal suffrage, and *individooal* equality, that's what does the rest, and that's what enables us to pay the highest prices for labour, which attracts emigration from every part of the world."

"Oh, is that it!" John said, meekly, when his companion had finished this oration. "Well, sir, I suppose you're right. I'm very thankful to you, sir. Good evening."

"Good evening, sir," his companion said, and hurried on.

John turned back. Very bewildered he felt with all this new experience, and he began to be exceedingly anxious about his qualifications to compete with workmen like those he had met, when he suddenly remembered Tim, who had come to this wonderful country as inexperienced as himself six months ago, and with far less learning, for six months ago Tim couldn't read the letter from his sister. John brightened as he remembered this. "Perhaps Tim's a great scholar by this time," he said to himself. "Maybe he knows Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, and all. No knowing what may be done in this country; workin'-men going to lectures, and getting books from libraries, and talking like Members of Parliament about

freedom of speech, and individual equality, and all the rest of it. Of course it's all nonsense as to that being the reason of the prosperity of people of our class here, but people as speak like members of parliament mostly do talk like that. Freedom of speech, indeed ; I'd like to hear anybody offering the people of Bees' Buildings, Blaque Court, freedom of speech and individual equality. Give us grog and beer, they'd say with a freedom of speech that would astonish him, and as for individual equality, why any one of them would cringe to any human being as would give him a shilling to get drunk with. No, no ; it isn't the politics or the religion as makes the difference between us. It must be the money they get for their work. However, I'll find out all in time, and it won't be my fault if I don't do what the rest of them seem to do, get educated, and get money ;" and so saying John mounted the steps which led to his lodgings.

The men had nearly all assembled in the dining-room. The post had come, and all were occupied with letters and papers. A large lamp burned on a table in a corner, which table was furnished with inkstand, blotting-book, and pens. Gas burned in a gasalier over the dining-table. There was a little fire in the stove, and the room was bright, warm, and cheerful. The table was spread for supper, and a side-table had been added to the

furniture of the room, and also spread with a white cloth. The long table had on it large plates of bread, several pats of butter in pretty glass dishes, the two dishes of cold meat Matilda Jane had sliced in the afternoon, some cold pork (the same that had been left from dinner), two glass dishes of apple sauce, and some other stewed fruit. The door presently opened, and Mrs. Goodrich came in from the kitchen, carrying a huge tea urn. Matilda Jane followed with a tray of cups, saucers, sugar, milk, &c., which, with the urn, was deposited on the side table ; both women then returned to the kitchen, and presently re-appeared, bearing dishes of hot rolls and small delicious-looking yellow cakes. These being placed on the table, supper was announced by Mrs. Goodrich, and the men took their seats. Mother and daughter had changed their morning dress for a fashionably-cut black gown, high at the throat, with long sleeves, and both wore linen cuffs and collar of snowy whiteness. The mother wore a pretty cap with black ribbons, whilst Matilda Jane's *coiffure* would have done credit to a Paris hairdresser. Matilda Jane was far from being a beauty, but she was a neat figure, and had good hair and eyes, and every advantage had been made the most of. Her black dress fitted to perfection ; her hair was so dressed that, though quite smooth, its luxuriance was seen to the best possible advantage ; and a knot of bright ribbon at the throat

relieved and lighted up her otherwise sallow complexion.

John looked in complete but humble admiration at what seemed to him all perfection. This beautiful creature, with the slight figure, the white hands, and lovely eyes, he had seen scrubbing, scouring, baking and brewing, and here she was standing at a tray making tea and looking exactly as if this was the nearest approach to work she had ever made. Surely, John thought, there never was, even in America, another being possessed of such attractions.

The meal was delicious. Everything so good, that our friend scarcely knew which to pronounce best. The hot white rolls, which Mrs. Goodrich and her boarders called biscuits, were as light as bread could be ; the butter was sweet and fresh ; the tea hot and excellent ; and the apple sauce, which had been called cider sauce, very nice. Only the yellow cakes were disappointing. Corn cakes, they were called, and John could scarcely swallow the mouthful of crumbling, dry, insipid bread which he had eagerly taken, under the impression that it was some kind of rich cake.

When supper was over the men one and all went out. John did what he could to assist Mrs. Goodrich to remove the tea things, whilst Matilda washed up with a quickness that was really surprising. After everything had been taken from the dining

table, and the chairs also set back, the shutters closed, and the floor brushed up, Mrs. Goodrich turned down the gas but left the lamp burning, and retired to the kitchen, from whence presently John heard her and Matilda Jane going up stairs.

Greatly to his relief Tim now came in, and sat down to have a little chat. At eight o'clock Tim said he must go on again, as he was doing extra night work.

John's first question was concerning the likelihood of his getting immediate employment. "I'm sure, Tim," he said, "I oughtn't to be here living at such an expensive house till I'm earning good wages."

"I don't think, John," said Tim, "that you will find a cheaper house than Mrs. Goodrich's in all Lowell; I tried everywhere before I took your room here, they're all the same price. Now what did it cost you to live in London?"

"Oh, Tim! at Hampstead you know I lived in lodgings at the foreman's. I slept in a room with six others, and mostly brought in what I wanted, but sometimes had my meals with Lambert and the wife. Of course we didn't live like Christians, but just 'pigged' it like pagans, and it cost little, but was quite enough for what we got."

"Well, what did it cost you?"

"Oh! about twelve shillings a-week."

"Twelve shillings! well, that's just two shillings

more than you're paying here. Mrs. Goodrich has two dollars and a-half for board and lodging, and your washing will cost you seventy-five cents a dozen. Two dollars and a-half is just ten shillings English money, so you see you needn't be frightened at the expense."

John heard this with profound astonishment. "Ten shillings a week!" he exclaimed, "and a room to myself, and a house like a gentleman's to live in, and a table fit for a lord. Why, Tim, how can it be done, is food that cheap here that you have it for the asking, or how is it at all?"

"Well, John, I really don't know what makes the difference; some things are cheap here, but I think nearly everything is dearer here nor at home. You see these people know so much and do such wonders of work that I think they'd make money on a desert island. I never thought much about how it's done, but I know that here we live, and at home we just stay; you always were a fellow for asking how things are done, John, I daresay you'll find out this secret before long."

"Well, maybe I shall, but just at present I am in a sort of bewilderment; nothing would surprise me, not if a coach and four was to be put in for the ten shillings a-week, but Tim, little as it is, I shall only be able to live a short time without work, and I would like to be going to see about something."

"All right, John, I'm afraid shop work, that is

work in any of the machine shops, is out of the question this fall. You see it's late now, and all work slackens in the winter, and if any change for the worse comes in trade, why they only keep on the old hands and do half the work."

"That's a bad look out, Tim ; I hope times are good here now."

"Well, John, only so so. They are talking of stopping some of the stationaries at our works in November. Where I work we make every kind of machinery, locomotives, stationaries, machinery for the mills, and agricultural machines. Well, last year the demand was great, and the orders for the south were beginning to be good again, but somehow trade has fallen off, few fresh orders have come in, and the boss looks down in the mouth and says that unless things brighten he must send off all the new hands, and of course I will have to go."

"What a lot you know, Tim, about everything ; how do you find out all this about trade and everything, and what'll you and the other men do if you're sent off and the winter coming on ; I suppose you've a club or association, or something of the sort to help you through, but what'll become of me a stranger, and not a friend but yourself, Tim ?"

"Don't look so frightened, John," Tim answered laughing ; "you'll not be let starve though you're not a member of club or association ; there is something of the sort started here, but only a few have

joined it, and I know nothing about it. I was thinking of it, but Tom Oakley set his face against it, and I'm glad now I let it alone. How I know about trade being bad is from the boss himself ; he comes into the works and talks to us men just like one of ourselves. Yesterday morning just after we left off for dinner he come into our room. Old Mr. Osgood, he's the man as runs the stationaries I attend, was just putting things a little to rights before he went to his dinner—you see I stay on watch when he goes, and then he does my work while I go. Well the master came in and he says : 'how are you getting on, Osgood,' says he?"

"Very well, thank you," Mr. Osgood says.

"I'm afraid we'll have to stop one of these stationaries soon," says he.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Mr. Osgood says, looking at me.

"Yes," says the boss, "times are bad, and I can't see anything to make them improve till spring ; nothing fresh has come in lately, and unless I get the contract for the machinery on the new branch railroad I'll have to knock off half the hands.' 'I guess you're about right,' Mr. Osgood says ; 'times looks black enough. Well,' he says, 'we've had a mighty good nine months and big pay, and so we are prepared for what comes,' and the boss and Mr. Osgood walked off together. You see, John, the men know that the more work the boss does, and the more

hands he employs, the better for himself, and they have to take their chance with him. The pay is large when there is work, and the expense of living not great, so they must save their money in sunshine to buy an umbrella for a rainy day. I've only been here now and at work little over six months, and I have money enough saved to pay my board and lodging till spring, if I don't do a turn of work through the winter ; but I will pick up an odd job or so, I have no doubt, and I'll go to night-school and try to get a little education. You see, John, when pay's good, people here must save their money ; for if they don't, why, when hard times comes, what's to become of them ? There's no workhouse open to feed and lodge those who squandered their money when they had it. There's no societies to encourage idleness and extravagance. A man that 'd spend his earnings in drink, or been wasteful when it was plenty, must starve when hard times come, or go to work at whatever he can get. Why one of the best hands in our shop, an English machinist, with a very good education, spent his money last summer in drink. Well, when the boss struck him off the works with some others in the fall, he had to sell his clothes, one thing after another, to pay for his board—and, I suppose, for more drink—till at last, at Christmas, he had to go out wood-sawing, and Tom saw him one of the bitterest days, when everything was covered with

frost and snow, with hardly clothing to cover himself, and his poor hands bleeding and sticking to the saw, trying to earn a bit and a night's lodging at cutting wood. Seventy-five cents a cord is what you get for that, and you may imagine he didn't earn much."

"Oh, Tim, are the people hard like that? was there nobody to give the poor soul a morsel and a bed?"

"Not one," Tim went on. "Because, don't you see, everyone here knew that he had drunk his money, and he had nothing left to take him away in the spring with; well, he got through the winter somehow; and when the boss was taking on more hands he came, poor fellow, and begged for work."

"What about drink?" the boss says to him.

"Well, sir," says he, "I've had a pretty good lesson; I think it'll serve me," says he, "and if you'll take me on again, I don't think you'll have to complain on that score," says he.

"Well, the master took him on again. He's one of the best hands at boiler makin' in the shop. He got a good boarding house, and he's never missed a day's work nor tasted a drop of drink since. When you see him well dressed and respectable, you'll scarcely believe that he's the man that was starvin' last year, and I suppose he has a good bit of money saved; he did a lot of extra work, and has big pay. And, John, you should hear him talk

about England and this country. He's clever, and speaks just like a lecturer, and we often go and get around him on Sunday to hear him on what he calls his Anglo-American experience. He says that ever since he got his trade, till he came to America, he could have had good pay, and did get good wages when he worked, but that he never saved a penny, and often when out of work lived on charity. He does indeed, John; and many a time, he says, when he's drank himself sick, and hadn't a copper left, he's been taken to the hospital, cured and cared for, set on his feet again, given clothes by some benevolent lady that had been imposed upon, got to work, earned more money, set to drink again, and then the same story—pawning his clothes till he had nothing but rags left, then ill, then the hospital, or the workhouse infirmary, and all the story over again. You see he tried the same thing here, but he woke up to find different results to the experiment, and the American treatment cured him. I'll introduce you to him some day, and he'll be a good friend to you. There now, John, I must go. I have spun my yarn to the last thread; it's 10 to 8. I'll see you at noon to-morrow, and don't fear you'll have work soon now. Keep quiet, and look about you till I see you again." And Tim ran away to his work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN felt encouraged by Tim's promise of work, but he could not but feel anxious, the more so at hearing that he was now in a country where nothing was to be got without money, and money only by work. He rose with his head full of what he had heard and went up to his little room. For the first time in his life he realized that he was alone responsible for himself, and the thought frightened him. He sat down on the side of his bed and began to think over the situation. What if the bad times predicted should prevent him getting work, would he be allowed to starve? He had not been wasteful of his money. It was no fault of his that he had not the means of paying his way through the winter; it was unlucky that the facts concerning employment in America had not been learnt at an earlier date; he might have remained in England till spring, and then come to America with a little money to meet any contingency which might arise; but now, here he was with three pounds in his pocket, a long winter before him during which bad times were prophesied, and from what he could

gather, nothing to be expected in the way of assistance from any quarter. His meditations were here interrupted by the appearance of the mistress of the house, who bustled into the room with a water-can in one hand, brush and dust-pan in the other, Matilda Jane bringing up the rear holding a lighted candle.

Mrs. Goodrich started back at seeing John, and exclaimed. "Law me! Mr. Brown, how you scared me. What on *ai'th* be you a doin' up here all by yourself, and without a light; why you look as melancholy as a tombstone, I guess you're home-sick."

John muttered some rather incoherent protest at this accusation, and hoped he wasn't in the way.

"Oh dear no," Mrs. Goodrich said, "we are only *fixin'* up the rooms for the night. If you ain't got nothing to do, Mr. Brown, you can carry the light for me, I ain't but two more rooms to do, and then Matilda Jane can go down stairs and get the work ready.

John readily consented to this arrangement, and Matilda Jane was dismissed.

Mrs. Goodrich proceeded to turn down the bed-clothes, refill the water jug, empty the slops, and pull down the blind. Then some imaginary dust was gathered up from the carpet with the brush and dustpan, the ceremony of emptying said imaginary

dust into the slop pail gone through, and they proceeded to another room, and yet another, where the same offices were performed, Mrs. Goodrich talking all the time. When all were finished, the gas in the passage was turned low, and Mrs. Goodrich, followed by John, descended the staircase.

"If you ain't going out this evening, Mr. Brown," the hostess said, "We shall be pleased to have your company, Matilda and I are going to *cut carpet rags* this evening, and Nathaniel he'll be studying, so if you have nothing better to do, come in and sit with us. You'll get real homesick if you sit off there by yourself."

Homesick! poor John smiled at the thought.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said. "I thought I might be in your way, if not I'll be thankful to sit with you."

The hostess led the way to the kitchen. How bright and comfortable it looked, during Tim's visit! Mother and daughter had finished washing up, and put away the tea things. The fire had been allowed to burn down in the big stove. The gas was lighted over the table at which Matilda Jane was seated with a wicker basket in her lap, and another and larger one at her feet, half filled with large balls of various colours. At the other side of the table Nathaniel was making mechanical drawings on a large sheet of drawing paper. The room was warm, well lighted, and most comfortable.

"Make yourself at home now, Mr. Brown ;" said the busy housewife. "Take a chair and Matilda Jane 'll give you something to do."

John gratefully obeyed, and brought his chair as near Miss Goodrich as the big basket would allow. He watched the work she was doing and tried to make out what it was without asking questions. From a bit of red cloth she was cutting around and around long circular shreds ; when one piece of cloth was finished she began another, and the basket on her lap was getting filled with curious strings, of which the balls in the other basket seemed composed. Mrs. Goodrich had a few things to do before sitting down, and was bustling about as usual, and Nathaniel had no eyes for anything but his own work. John sat silently regarding the clipping and cutting for a time, and at length asked what the strings and balls were for.

"Why, don't you know ?" Matilda Jane asked.

"I'm sure I don't, Miss," John said.

"Well, guess then," the girl said, laughing.

"Hash perhaps," said John, remembering the experience of the morning.

Matilda laughed heartily.

"Law me, Mr. Brown, why these are carpet-rags."

"Carpet-rags !" John echoed. "And what are you cutting carpets up in these bits for ?"

"Why, Mr. Brown, how funny you are. We are not cutting up carpets, but we are going to make carpets with these rags. The carpets up-stairs in your own and the other men's rooms, and the strips in the dining-room are made of these bits. If you stay here, ma will seize upon any old things you may have made of cloth or flannel and confiscate them to this basket. You see any bit, however small, will do ; for when a piece is short we cut it around like this."

"But how do you get these strings made up into carpet?" John asked.

"Why, don't you see me tack the strings, as you call them, together, and wind them on balls. Well then, ma (when she has enough) makes these into large skeins, and then she dyes them some bright colour ; then they are dried and put in the loom and make the woof ; then they are woven with very coarse yarn, which ma spins, and which makes the warp. We call it, when it is woven, rag-carpet. It is cheap and warm and wears twice as long as any other cheap carpet, don't it, ma?" This to Mrs. Goodrich, who had drawn up her chair and joined them.

"I guess it outwears any other carpet, cheap or dear, that you'll get now-a-days. Why the carpets up-stairs in your bedroom and in some of the other rooms, Mr. Brown, was made ten years ago, when Matilda Jane was just big enough to use the scis-

sors. She helped to cut the rags, and tacked for me. I wove that myself, though. I had a spell of leisure at times ; work was slack here, and nearly all the boarders had gone to Boston to look for something to do. I had the rags dyed and ready, and so I hired a carpet-loom and wove the whole of it myself. I spun the yarn myself, too. I used to do that of evenings. I had an old-fashioned, big wheel, and it didn't take me long to spin all I wanted ; but them as don't weave, or ain't the time, mostly employ old folks that have looms to weave for them ; from twelve and a-half to twenty-five cents a yard we pay for the weavin' generally, and many old people as can do nothing else, make a comfortable livin' weavin' carpets and rugs."

"How did you learn to spin and weave?" John asked.

"Oh, my mother used to spin and weave pretty nigh all our clothes in those days, and we girls had to help in every kind of work."

"It's the most wonderful thing, marm, how you out in this country seem to know how to do everything, and in our country people know so little."

"Well you see, Mr. Brown, people in our circumstances must do without many things we want, or learn to make them. If we hadn't the bedroom floors carpeted we would have to be constantly scouring and cleaning, and should never get through our work. Now we have the house cleaned (white-

washed and cleaned) from top to bottom once a year, and the carpets taken up twice, spring and fall ; well, you see, the rooms only want sweeping and dusting, and perhaps the paint may want washing occasionally, but what's that to scrubbing and scouring perpetually? Why nothing. And I tell you, you wouldn't like to sleep in a room without fire or carpet in winter in this climate. So we make the best of what we have. It's just the same with our clothes. We like to dress well, but we couldn't afford — Matilda and I couldn't afford—to have first-class dress-makers, and we shouldn't be satisfied with poor ones, so we make our own ; and I guess they're about as good as our neighbours'."

"I should think no one could have a more beautiful fit than Miss Goodrich," John said, "or," he added, getting very red, "a more beautiful figure to wear it."

"I guess you've got a blarney stone in your country as well as the Irish, Mr. Brown," Matilda said, laughing and looking pleased.

"Now," said John, "I want to learn all I can from you ; and as you have been so kind as to tell me so much, I would be very much obliged if you would tell me how you can afford to board us hearty men and give us the best of everything for the price Jim Pearson tells me you charge."

"Well," Mrs. Goodrich replied, pleased at the opportunity of discussing her favourite subject,

"well, Mr. Brown, it's mighty hard work sometimes to *get along* and *save anything* through the winter when the boarders leave, but I'll tell you with very great pleasure all I can. It seems funny for a man to want to know such things, don't it, Matilda Jane? You see in this country all the household management is left to the women, and the men never trouble their heads about anything but their own work. We women have plenty to do, Mr. Brown, I can tell you, as I told 'em last winter when they came round with their paper to get names on the woman's rights question, 'I ain't got no time for political talk or to attend political meetings,' says I. 'Why, ain't we got enough to do without turning politicians? If we're to undertake the politics,' says I, 'why the men must do the housework, and then I reckon the government 'll have to take the babies to bring up by contract. Mrs. Lathrop, she had the paper, and she explained that women that had any work to do wouldn't be expected to take much trouble about politics, only them as had plenty of leisure. 'Well,' says I, 'Mrs. Lathrop, I guess things are about as safe where they be as in the hands of women who in this busy world have nothing to do. Far as I can make out,' says I, 'women haint given the world much evidence of governing ability.' 'They have been given no opportunity,' says Mrs. Lathrop; 'they have been oppressed and kept down like slaves,' says

she. 'Well, Mrs. Lathrop,' I says, 'women have had it all their own way in one great department, and I don't see as they've made much of it. Ever since the days of Noah women have had their own way in household matters, and much they've made of the privilege. Why we ain't got no system of housekeeping more than our ancestors had hundreds of years ago. One good thing would come of men changing places with us, they'd soon establish a regular system, and then when that's been done women could be employed to work it. But women 'll never do it themselves. They're always complaining of the difficulties of household management, but they never take a step towards a remedy. Why, what do I know of the capacity of a help that comes to me from another woman's service. The help has a good character, and the house she comes from is respectable and all that. Well, she sets to work. I soon find that where she has been living the mistress and the maid worked together, that the mistress did her work entirely different to what I do mine, and that the help had been taught to do likewise. Well, I have to teach her all over again, and that takes as much time as to do the work myself. The next place the girl goes to, the same thing goes on again. Now what I want is to be able to say to a help that applies for a place, 'On what system do you work? Is it the English, the French, or the American?' And when women

shall have established such a system of governing and administering their own department, why then they might have time to devote to politics,' says I ; and I think I had the best of the argument, Mr. Brown, don't you ? Anyhow, Mrs. Lathrop didn't ask for my signature again."

"You do seem to work on system, Mrs. Goodrich," John says. "I never saw anything where men are employed conducted more systematically. Why, it's by your management that you get such an amount of work done."

"Oh, yes, I have a way of doing my own work, and it's the best way I know anything about, but it aint a recognized system that I work upon. I ought to be able to get help if I wanted it by putting an advertisement in the paper like this : 'Wanted, help in the work and general management of a working man's boarding-house ; American system preferred.' But no, as I said before, if I get a help I must educate her in my way of working before she's of any use, and then when she goes to her next situation she has to go through another education providing the housekeeper knows anything about her house. But it often happens that in private families there is no housekeeper, no head, and the helps do just what they like ; and I guess the man that provides for such an establishment would like to change places with his wife, and let her do the voting if she'd earn the money

and pay the bills. Well, Mr. Brown, you'll think I'm never going to tell you what you asked me. I do get so mad with these women that always want to do something that's right away beyond their own province, and are too weak or lazy to do their best within the bounds that nature has placed around them, that when I once begin on that subject I don't know when to leave off."

"Ma would make a good lecturer—wouldn't she?" said Matilda Jane.

"If I had been educated," the mother said, promptly, "as I have educated my children, I think I should be able to do some good by writing what I have thought out for myself, but I shouldn't have lectured."

"I'm sure, ma'm," John said, "you must be well educated."

"Well, no, Mr. Brown ; education wasn't so easy to get when I was a girl ; we lived in the country, and had to go out to work or help at home in the summer, and then we went to school ourselves in the winter ; but the district school was generally taught by some one of our own folks that had been able to get away for a spell to some academy, and you see we all grew up to speak just alike ; there wasn't much attention paid to our speech or manners, and I see the difference now between Matilda Jane's way of speaking and my own ; but la, sir, I'm too old to change now."

"Well," John remarked, "I wish I knew half what you do, ma'm ; you've done credit to those that brought you up, anyway."

"There, ma' ! After that you might tell Mr. Brown what he wants to know ; you won't get a prettier speech than that, I'm sure," said Matilda.

Mrs. Goodrich laughed, and looked pleased. All the time she had been talking she had been cutting and snipping the bits of cloth, and John, instructed by the daughter to "wind loose," had been forming more balls of the cloth strings.

"Well, Mr. Brown, now tell me what you really want to know?" said Mrs. Goodrich.

"I want to know, ma'm, how you can live in a house like this, and keep such a table, and board us hearty men for ten shillings, or in your money, two dollars and a half, a week?"

"Well, as I said before, Mr. Brown, we find it a little hard to make anything in the winter, for then many of the boarders go away when work's slack here. But, to begin with the house, it cost us first three thousand dollars."

"How many pounds is that?" John asked.

"La me, Mr. Brown, I don't know ! but Nathaniel there can tell you."

"Don't trouble Nathaniel, ma'," Matilda Jane said. "I will tell you, Mr. Brown—three thousand dollars is six hundred pounds sterling."

"Well," Mrs. Goodrich continued, "the interest

on that at five per cent. would be one hundred and fifty dollars."

"That is thirty pounds sterling, Mr. Brown," said Matilda Jane.

"I will tell you first what I have to do, and then how I do it," Mrs. Goodrich went on. "Well, then, you can put down first to be made one hundred and fifty dollars," and John wrote down thirty pounds. "Well, the rate and taxes are fifty dollars more."

"That is ten pounds sterling," Matilda said.

"The repairs and cleaning cost nigh on a hundred dollars, I guess, don't they, Matilda?"

"Yes," the daughter answered; "the average expense is about a hundred dollars—that's twenty pounds."

"With one thing and another," Mrs. Goodrich proceeded, "the furniture cost a thousand dollars. The interest on that in a boarding-house, Mr. Goodrich used to calculate at ten per cent. How many pounds is a thousand dollars, Matilda?"

"Two hundred, ma'; and the interest on that, Mr. Brown, at ten per cent. would be twenty pounds."

"Well, then, I have to keep my own family of three, and twenty-five boarders, but I have only twenty-five boarders for seven months in the year. For the other five months, I believe in the last three years, I have had an average of

twelve boarders. Well, the money I receive from boarders during the year amounts to 3,250 dollars. Now, Matilda, you get down the book for last year. Nathaniel made it all up, so that you can see just the income and out-go for the whole year. I believe the expenses last year were pretty nigh two thousand dollars. That is, to keep house, but you can see for yourself."

"This is asking a great deal," said John. "I hope, ma'am, you will excuse the liberty I am taking, and me a stranger in your family; but there is such a difference in the way working people live here, to that of the same class in my country, that I want to find out if it is because of something you have in this country which is beyond our reach at home, or if it's the misuse of money, and the misrule of government that makes the working classes in England discontented, thriftless, drunken, and wretched, whilst here all seem contented, industrious, sober, and happy. And everything you tell me, or that I hear, serve to prove that you have no privileges here which we in England are deprived of, only you esteem and make the most of everything, while we—well, God help us!—just struggle on through our miserable lives with not a hand to help us, or a light to show us a better way."

CHAPTER XIX.

HERE Matilda placed before John a large book containing the accounts of the past year, made up simply and accurately, and assisted him in understanding the dollars and cents, or put the sums into pounds, shillings, and pence. After a careful study of the little book, he was surprised to find that the lodging-house keeper made a clean profit of from six or seven hundred dollars a year, besides feeding, clothing, and educating her children, and enjoying the independence of a proprietress and manager of a large family. During the winter months the receipts always decreased, but the loss was made up during the summer months, when there was a diminution of cost in fire, &c., and an increase of income.

"I see," said John, looking over the book, "some articles of food *are* much cheaper here than in England. For instance, you have here five hundred and sixty weight of pork at three cents a pound. That in England would be a shilling, or at the very least, 9*d.* a pound."

"Oh, pork here sells at from 20 to 25 cents a pound, but the pork you see there is our own

raising. The cost of the four young pigs and the corn we bought just to feed them for a while before killing, brought the pigs to 3 cents a pound, but we fed them entirely out of the kitchen. You see, when we cook daily for from twelve to twenty-five men, we have a great deal of food, such as potato and vegetable peelings, sour milk, bits of vegetable, plate scrapings, &c. We have sometimes more than the pigs will eat, besides saving all our soap grease. In the summer I buy a little bran to stir in the pigs' feed, but everything put together just brings the pork to 3 cents a pound, and last year I had just enough pork to last the year up to the last day. We cooked one of our hams on Christmas, the last that was, and we tried the sugar cure on that, and it was first rate. Well you see that leaves me only beef to buy. I generally salt down two or three hundred weight when I get it cheap, and that with pork and about a hundred weight of fresh beef and another of fish, and the odds-and-ends I buy in the way of poultry, sees me through the year. We don't eat much meat here. The men don't care for joints, and if they did I couldn't afford them. I mostly cook my meats with vegetables in stews or ragouts.

"Then there's the vegetable item, that is also large. Yes, I use four bushels of 'tatoes a week now, and two in the winter," Mrs. Goodrich said. "We pay a dollar a bushel toward spring for our

'tatoes, but I mostly buy what I want in the fall, and put them in the cellar or in a root house ; they cost me on an average 75 cents a bushel. Well then the item for flour's heavy ; I use about half a hundred of flour and meal a week, may be more, but you see I make all my own bread, and it costs me precisely half what it would cost to buy bakers' bread. Then there's coal, twenty-five tons at five dollars a ton, and six cord of wood at two-and-half a cord, and 75 cents a cord for cutting it. You see," Mrs. Goodrich explained, "we burn wood in the dining-room stove, and in the big stove in the hall to get ashes to make our soap."

"Do you make your own soap?" John said in amazement.

"Why, la me, Mr. Brown, what on airth would we do with *our grease* if we didn't make our own soap."

"I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure," John answered. "I didn't know that soap was made with grease."

"What queer people you English must be. I don't wonder you are so very poor as you say. Why, we save all the coarse grease here and throw it into a great hogshead you'll see standin' out in the back yard ; we always keep the grease covered with lye, that we make from our wood ashes. If you go out into the back yard in the morning, you'll find two hogsheads, one covered in the corner

over next the pig pens. That's the grease tub, and the other near the house, you'll find standin' on the supports about three feet from the ground, with a tub under it ; well, that's the ash tub. We have holes bored in the bottom of that hogshead, and we put some straw into it, and then we sift our wood ash and empty it in there ; we pour in a little rain water from time to time, and as the lye filters into the tub underneath we empty it into our grease tub. The lye you see consumes the grease and prevents any bad smell. When we're a house-cleanin' in the spring and fall, we bile up our soap out in the back yard in the pigs' kettle, and put away our soap. I haven't never bought no washing or scourin' soap since I kept house, and my soap is about as good *as they make it*, I guess."

"I begin to see, Mrs. Goodrich, how it is you are so prosperous here," John said ; and no wonder you work hard, live well, and *waste nothing*, not even old rags, that in other countries are thrown in the dust heaps."

"Waste not want not, you know, Mr. Brown. I guess now you've had enough of house-keepin' for one evening ; and you will see that between the income and outlay of my boarding house I have a good margin."

"I'm most thankful to you, ma'am," John replied. "I only wish I had it in my power to convey the lesson to my poor fellow workmen at home, but

unless they saw the result of the system I'm afraid they wouldn't believe in it. I see from your book that everything is about as dear here as in England, and that your house costs you as much as it would in the same situation in London, and yet you live on the best of everything in the land, and keep everybody comfortable around you. Now, Mrs. Goodrich, when I worked at Hampstead I boarded with the foreman of the works and his wife for a time, and then I lodged with them, bringing in my own food ready cooked from a cookshop. Well, the master of the house he was earning from 28s. to 30s. a week ; they had a house they paid £50 a year for, and they took lodgers as I tell you. They let the rooms to the men for what covered the rent, and lived themselves rent-free, yet Mrs. Lambert, the wife, couldn't manage on her husband's wages, and little better than pigs they lived, just from hand to mouth, she running out to the nearest shop to buy a slice of meat for her husband's dinner and dabbling out her bits of clothes in the evening in a wash-tub that was just beside the bed of her poor baby, and the men all sitting about in the same room smoking and drinking beer, and cursing and swearing every other word, and the dirt—Ugh ! ”

“ La a massy, Mr. Brown, you don't say you live like that in England ; why, it ain't livin' like Christians ; well, I never ! ”

“Calling ourselves Christians don’t seem to make much difference between us and savages, Mrs. Goodrich,” said John, “and I think it would be hard to find more degraded wretches this side of the Hottentots than I could show you by the thousand in Christian England. Poor children murdered by the score, or maimed for life by brutalized parents; men and women living like animals, huddled together in filthy holes, without respect to age or sex; young women who do not know what decency means, young men——”

“Oh, Mr. Brown, don’t say any more, for mercy sake,” said Matilda Jane, rising as if to leave the room; “such things are too dreadful to listen to.”

During the conversation between her mother and John Brown, she had gone to the other side of the table to assist her brother with his lessons; and she now quickly gathered up his books, and left the room.

Poor John was overcome with mortification at having allowed himself to indulge in a conversation which was evidently considered improper by one of his listeners at least, and that the one he most wished to please. He sat looking like a culprit, until reassured by Mrs. Goodrich.

“We ain’t used to hearing of such things as you have been describing, Mr. Brown,” she said, “but we hadn’t ought to be afraid to listen to them, because if we don’t know of their existence, we can’t

help to cure them. It's very hard to understand how such a state of things can exist in a country where one half the people are so rich, and where the rich are noted for their charity and goodness to the poor, and so sympathetic with distress wherever it exists. There's a screw loose somewhere; I wonder some one with learning and influence don't find out where it is, and make the discovery generally known. You have free discussion in your House of Parliament, haven't you? well, why don't your members take up the subject, and give it the benefit of their learning and the power they have of having everything investigated?"

"Yes," John answered, "we have a Parliament, but they have no time to discuss questions like this; you see, they mostly have great matters to settle in foreign countries. I think England settles the difficulties of every country in the world."

"I've always heard tell," Mrs. Goodrich said, "that charity begins at home. I ain't no politician, and I hav'n't the education that I wish I had, but it don't take much learning to see that there's something wrong, and that there shouldn't be the misery you describe in a country overflowing with wealth, if the wealth was properly administered."

"There never was a people more anxious to do good than the people of England, Mrs. Goodrich,"

John said ; “ why there’s an institution in London for every kind of human suffering. There are homes for old men, homes for old women ; homes for orphans, homes for half orphans ; hospitals for all the different diseases that ever was known, and homes for incurables ; lunatic asylums, homes for idiots, and cripple-homes ; and these are all founded and supported by the benevolence of the people. Besides these, there are the work-houses, the reformatories, and the prisons—all full.”

“ La a massy on us, Mr. Brown, you don’t say so. Why, what makes so many poor ? ” Mrs. Goodrich asks ; “ ain’t there no work to be got ? ”

“ I don’t know, ma’am,” John said, sadly. “ I used to think before I came over here that it was the big pay men get here for their labour that makes the difference ; but I begin now to think otherwise. What with the long winters here, when work of many kinds is scarce, and most labouring work impossible, and the dearness of clothing of every kind, I think the labourers’ pay is just as good at home as here ; and there must be plenty of work to be got, for poor people come from all quarters of Europe to England to find employment. Why, I saw in the papers that there are in London more Jews than in Jerusalem, more Germans than in Berlin, more French than in Paris, more Irish and Scotch than in Dublin or

Edinburgh. This may not be strictly true ;but I know enough of it is true to show that the inducement of employment and good pay brings thousands of foreigners to London."

"Well, then, Mr. Brown, for massy's sake, what makes your working people so low and wretched?" Mrs. Goodrich asked ; "it seems to me that you think your country the most prosperous and the most wretched in the world."

"And so it is, ma'am, just what you say. I had plenty of work there, and good pay ; and it's my native country, and all belonging to me ; the only relations I know of in the world are there—and yet I sicken at the thought of going back to it ; to take my place in the society and class to which I belong there, would be to leave behind me here everything a man ought to live for, and to go down to the level of brute beasts. Why, ma'am, I hardly know a man in my station of life as hasn't been locked up, sometimes for one thing, sometimes for another."

"What do you mean, sent to prison?" Mrs. Goodrich asked in astonishment.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am ; what would you think of that here?"

"Why, no one would employ him here if it was known, and workmen would refuse to work with him. Of course, workmen here are as good as any one else if they behave themselves, and if they

don't, why, their own folks take care the disgrace falls on the individual and not on the class. If a man got in trouble of that kind here, he'd have to clear out, I tell you ; we are as proud of our position as the best of them," Mrs. Goodrich said, emphatically.

"And right you are too, and that's probably one of the reasons you are so superior to us. Why, ma'am, when I worked last in London, I lived as I told you at the foreman's house ; and when I arrived the first day, I was shown where I was to sleep in a room with six others ; and the guv'nor, when he was showing me the room says, 'If you have money or valuables, you had best give them to my missus,' says he ; 'and you had best sleep in the bed in the corner,' says he, 'as the men come in late, and not often sober.' Now, Mrs. Goodrich, that tells you what sort of characters were working there, and what opinion their foreman had of them. But, bless you, no one thought anything of it ; respectability they think one of the privileges of the upper classes."

"You do surprise me," Mrs. Goodrich said ; "why, if a working-man was to be found guilty here of theft, or any other crime, nobody would board or lodge him afterward, and not a man would work with him, no more than they would if he had some catchin' disease. It has happened here since I kept workin'-men's boarding house

that a workman was convicted of stealin'. Well, his name was taken off his club and library, and when he came out a few dollars was raised amongst the men, and he was sent out far West. I guess once was enough for him, and the treatment cured him, but I never heard anything about him again. Now, I guess, Mr. Brown, we must finish our palaver, it's bed-time; I hear the men goin' upstairs. There's a jug of milk in the dining-room, if you would like a glass. Good-night."

"Good-night, ma'am," John said, "I hope you hav'n't found me troublesome, and that you'll let me do any work I am able to do for you till Monday, when I am I hope to get work."

CHAPTER XX.

JOHN slept soundly in his snug bed and rose refreshed in the morning, dressed, and was down stairs long before the breakfast hour. Mother and daughter were busily preparing the meal, and he was very pleased at being allowed to help wherever his help was of use. When all was finished, and the last dish carried from the kitchen to the dining-table, John, at the request of the hostess, rang the big bell in the hall, and the men came rushing down stairs, as if everything depended upon him who should arrive first. They took their seats, and immediately attacked the eatables, Mrs. Goodrich and her daughter supplying coffee as fast as it could be poured. Very little was said by anyone beyond the "Good morning," and instantly a man had finished he rose, and hurried away.

The breakfast was excellent. Coffee, hot and fragrant, made with an equal portion of boiled milk; corn cakes, brown bread, also hot; two dishes of hash, the same he had seen prepared by the hands of Matilda Jane; a curious dish, shaped like a flower-pot, and filled with baked beans, of which

every one partook, and which John thought delicious, and baked potatoes. Everything was well-cooked ; the room was warm, and the meal in everyway good. When all had finished and gone, Mrs. Goodrich brought from the kitchen a tray containing the family breakfast ; Nathaniel, who had been busy, came in, and John insisted on serving the family, which he did so awkwardly as to excite Mrs. Goodrich's anxiety for the safety of her porcelain, and Matilda Jane's amusement.

This was Saturday, and Mrs. Goodrich gave our friend plenty to do, during the forenoon. Immediately after breakfast, orders for the day were given. "We're going upstairs now, Mr. Brown," said the indefatigable housekeeper, "to do the work there, and it will keep us busy till ten o'clock. We change all the beds, on Saturday, and it's as much as we can do, I tell you, to get through in time to wash up, and get dinner ready for half-past twelve, but we ain't often late. Nathaniel generally helps a good deal, but, as I told you, he is going to teach, this winter, if he can get through his examinations, and he's attending lectures, and classes, and one thing and another, and I don't know how to ask him to give me a mornin', even bakin', washin' days, or Saturdays. Now, Matilda Jane, bring in the pans."

These were two enormous tin pans, with handles on both sides. They were deposited on the

side-table, each plate was put therein after being carefully scraped, into a large basin. The bread was put on a fresh clean dish, all the pieces of meat, left after breakfast, were put carefully away in the larder, and when all was removed, the cloth was taken off, neatly folded, the crumbs swept up on the floor, and then John received his orders.

"If you please, Mr. Brown, if you'll carry the pans of dishes to the kitchen sink, and then, if you would be so kind as to shake these strips of carpet out in the back yard, and make up the fire in the stove here and in the dining-room, and see to filling the boiler, it would be a great help," Matilda Jane said, and John flew to obey. When he had completed the order, he, at the mistress's request, carried upstairs a large pail half-full of hot water, a long-handled mop, and a basin of soft soap.

He found Mrs. Goodrich and her daughter just finishing the work of the last bedroom. The sheet, neatly folded over the counterpane, was as white as snow; clean towels had been put on the towel stands and the soiled ones removed; everything was in its place in the rooms, and all looked clean and comfortable. In the passage a great pile of soiled bedroom linen was heaped together in an outspread sheet, which Matilda Jane tied together at the corners, and gave our friend to carry down stairs. When he returned he found Mrs. Goodrich mopping the passage which had a painted floor,

whilst her daughter, with soap and water, lightly and quickly washed all finger-marks from the white painted doors. At 10.15 o'clock the work upstairs was finished, and John carried the pails of scrubbing water down stairs.

Then both women set-to to wash up the dishes. One washed with soap and water, whilst the other wiped from the hot rinsing water, plates, dishes, cups and saucers, till all were done.

Knives and forks were also washed with soap and water, but another process was applied to the knives. On a board was scraped a little heap of bath-brick dust, the knife was laid with the blade flat on the board; a bit of flannel rolled into a hard wad, was dipped into hot water, then into soft soap, then into the brick-dust, and with this the knife-blade was rubbed clean and bright; then quickly washed in hot water, wiped dry, and put away. John remembered the way knives were cleaned at Mrs. Bennet's, when he was a little boy, the labour and time it cost to clean the blade of a knife by rubbing it up and down a board with dry dust, and he wondered if that process was still in use, or if English servants had found out this way, by which a dozen knives could be cleaned in the time that one could be done by the old process. Well, at last, all was "washed up," and the two women began the preparations for dinner.

"To-day," Mrs. Goodrich explained, "is kind of

pick-up dinner ; but the men always say they like Saturday's dinner better than any other. We only have pepper-pot to-day, and just whatever is handiest to cook. I guess we'll have chowder."

"What may that be?" John asked.

"Well," Mrs. Goodrich said, "pepper-pot is a kind of soup our folks are very fond of, and chowder—— Well, you shall see me make both. In that kettle b'iling on the stove there's three pounds of scrag of mutton, and three pounds of lean pickled pork, with two quarts and a pint of split peas, and fourteen quarts of water. Well, that's been a-b'ilin' since eight o'clock this morning. Besides the things I told you, there's a dozen cloves and a red pepper. Well, now it's half-past eleven, and the dinner's at half-past twelve ; and if you want to know how pepper-pot and chowder's made, why, just watch me."

But here John was called to help Matilda Jane to carry scrubbing pail and mop into the dining-room.

There he lingered as long as he was allowed, watching the process of mopping, which, in an American house, takes the place of scrubbing. First, a large bit of the floor is mopped with hot water, but only enough water is used to well wet the place ; then some soft soap is thrown on to the wet place, and rubbed all over the space with the mop, which is plunged into the pail repeatedly, and par-

tially wrung out before being used again; then, when this piece of floor is clean, and the soapsuds well wiped up, the mop is wrung out and the floor dried. The fire in the big stove burns brightly, and very soon the floor is clean and dry. By this process a large room may be cleaned in fifteen minutes which would require an hour's hard work to scrub, and the position of the body in scrubbing is fatiguing in the extreme, and attended with serious consequences to those who are obliged to frequently repeat the process.

John was not allowed to see the room finished; he was called away to see the cooking operations, and found Mrs. Goodrich standing over a moulding-board, where she had just finished making a number of small suet-dumplings.

"I'm afraid," he said, "I've lost the lesson in cooking for to-day."

"Well, yes, the chowder's made; but I can tell you how that's done in a minute or two. We just line a puddin'-dish with mashed potatoes, and then lay in layers of any cold fish we may have, with layers of sliced cold potatoes, and some shreds of bacon, with pepper and salt; then we spread a little butter over the top, cover all with mashed potatoes made soft and smooth with a little milk. Well, we just put this in the oven for twenty or thirty minutes, and it is served in the dish it is baked in. We mostly have it on pepper-pot days, for, you see, the

pepper-pot is very substantial. Now I'm going to finish my other dish."

So saying, Mrs. Goodrich had the pot lifted off the fire, and its contents filtered through a huge colander into a very large basin. She then took the meat out, removed all the bones, and cut the mutton and pork into small pieces. The meat and suet-dumplings were put back into the pot, and the strained soup poured over all and set to boiling again.

"Now," Mrs. Goodrich continued, "the dumpplings will be done in twenty minutes, and then dinner will be ready. Pepper-pot is one of the favourite dishes here, and it's very economical. Why, Mr. Brown, you were wondering how I could keep the men for two and a half dollars a week. Well, it's by knowin' how to prepare dishes out of the most nutritious and least expensive things. Peas and beans are used in great quantities here, and are cheap, wholesome food for workin' men ; but they must be cooked delicately and well, or they are both uneatable. I don't mind telling you what to-day's dinner will cost ; but I can't just now, for I must get the table ready."

John assisted in carrying the dishes to the dining-room, where Matilda Jane had just finished her work, and the room was clean and dry. The mother hastily spread the cloth, and, with what help John could give her, the table was soon prepared. Then

the daughter appeared, having changed her apron for a clean one, and otherwise improved and tidied her toilette. She took her mother's place, and completed the arrangements for dinner. The pepper-pot was dished in a large soup-tureen, and the chowder, removed from the oven, presented a most inviting dish ; a napkin was folded around the deep oval basin or dish in which it was baked, and this placed on the table.

Now the men began to come in. All went upstairs, and at precisely half-past twelve the great bell was rung by Mrs. Goodrich on her way downstairs, after having completely changed her dress of the morning. In the dining-room the men came and took their seats, and the dinner was served. Besides the hot dishes, there was some cold meat, pickles, sliced beetroot, brown bread, a small dish of boiled potatoes, apple-sauce, and pastry of some kind, made in closed tarts, or, as they called them, pies. The pepper-pot was served in soup-plates, and nearly every one partook of it. John thought it the best dish he had yet eaten, until he was served with chowder. This was delicious ; but, as Mrs. Goodrich had said, the pepper-pot was so substantial, that few had inclination for anything more, beyond the sweets. As before, every one eat in silence and in a hurry, and when one had finished dinner, he went immediately away, but not out, as the men had done the day before. Nearly all went

upstairs, and in the course of a half or three-quarters of an hour appeared again, dressed as if for a fête. Every one had changed his linen, and all looked clean and well-dressed, and all went out.

"Where are the men going?" John asked. "Is there anything going on?"

"Not particularly," Mrs. Goodrich replied. "Nearly everyone has something for Saturday afternoon. The two men that sit next me at the top of the table, have a singing and musical club that meets at half-past three, Saturdays. Then they go on after that's over to the readin' room. Then there's Mr. Scott, he's a member of a political club, and two other men boardin' here are members of the Institute, and go to lectures, and nearly all go to night-classes. Some of the men have to go on again in the works as watchmen at nine o'clock, so they have something for the afternoon."

"Is it easy getting into a night class?" John asked.

"Well, that depends. There's a class now where Nathaniel teaches, that's on Thursday evenings. It's only for readin', writin', and 'rithmetic, and any one can belong to it if there's a vacancy, but they can only have twenty members. Then there's a man here now that is getting up classes in natural philosophy and mechanics, but he has some difficulty getting a hall. He was here once before and taught. Well, you see, the men used to go to

his classes, and then 'tend lectures on the same subjects at the Institute, and they got to know a great deal."

"I don't think it would do me much good to go to lectures on such subjects," John said. "I don't think I should understand much about philosophy."

"No, I suppose not, because you haven't a trade, but if you were workin' in the machine shops, or in the manufactories as most of these people are, you would learn a lot that would do you great good. Why, some of our best machinists never learned their business any other way. They entered the works in the least difficult departments, and worked there till they knew enough to go higher, and then these lectures and lessons helped them on."

"Yes, I suppose they would help in cases like these, but don't you have apprentices here?"

"Well, only as I have been telling you ; we don't believe in men spending three or four years of their lives for nothing."

"In England, boys are apprenticed," John said.

"Oh, yes, I've heard of that," Mrs. Goodrich said, "but our boys have to go to school, and get an education before a trade, and when they've been to school and learnt all they can, and had their intelligence brought out, and can *think out* things for themselves, why, then a trade ain't hard to learn. But la me, Mr. Brown, your folks as come over here ain't much better than machines. They have

worked all their lives at one thing, and they only know that just as they've been taught. No matter what improvements come up, they can't take advantage of them, because they never saw them before. Them kind of folks ain't much use to us. A man's hands here must be directed by his brain, and it's pretty much the same with women. Suppose now, I'd just learned to bake, or to wash, or to cook, how could I keep house? Why, I'd have to keep a help in each department, and it would take all that I save now to pay them. When women first come over here from your country, they ain't no kind of use, though they may have the best of characters. One says she's been cook, and probably she can't make a bed; another, that she's been a housemaid, and can't cook a potato. Another comes, and says she was kitchen-maid, and waited on the cook, and I declare if one young woman just over, didn't tell me that she was maid to the kitchen-maid, and waited on her. Scullery-maid I think she called herself. Well, where that girl lived, there were three women in the kitchen, and not one of them knew anything at all about general housework."

"If you and Miss Goodrich had more work than you could do yourselves, you would have a servant, wouldn't you?"

"I would get an intelligent woman, or two if necessary, to help me, and we would work together

when there was work, and rest when the work's done."

"But in a private family, where the mistress had no occasion to do anything?" John ventured.

"That don't alter the situation the least," Mrs. Goodrich said. "A lady here, who doesn't want to work, contracts with as many people as is necessary to run her house. She pays them certain wages to keep her house clean, to cook the food she orders in, and to do the washin' of the family. She gives her helps money in return for work, and when the money's paid and the work's done, the obligation ceases on both sides, and the help employed feels as independent as the employer. One can't get along *without* the other, and they'd be great fools if they didn't get along as agreeably as possible *with* each other. Though I don't hold with helps puttin' on airs, no more'n I do with their employers bein' stuck up. It's generally the very ignorant that's guilty of that on either side. Now I guess it's time for me to begin my afternoon work, or it won't do itself."

During this conversation, which lasted some minutes, Matilda Jane had cleared away the dishes, and Mrs. Goodrich now assisted in the washing up. Everything was completed, and the kitchen was neat and tidy at a quarter to three o'clock. John had been of use wherever his services were required, and now, when all was done, he said he was going

out to visit Mrs. Oakley, Tim's sister, who had sent him an invitation to come and see her.

"I guess you'd better wait a spell," Mrs. Goodrich said; "Miss Oakley's a mighty particular housekeeper, and I'm afraid she wouldn't be very sociable to a visitor on Saturday afternoon afore her work's done and her washin' put in soak."

"Is Saturday afternoon the time fixed for all Lowell to wash its clothes?" John asked.

"Oh, dear, no. What an idea! Saturday afternoon! Well, I never expected to see a grown man as didn't know washin' was done in the mornin'. Bless my soul, Mr. Brown! if my clothes weren't on the line, every rag of 'em, by ten o'clock Monday mornin', folks 'ud think I'd gone crazy, and I tell you, Miss Oakley ain't behind many."

"But I thought you said something about washing, Mrs. Goodrich."

"Oh! I said puttin' clothes to soak. Well, Mr. Brown, if you'll just help me now for a few moments, I'll show you what I mean." John readily assented. "Well, in the shed in the back yard you'll find two large tubs. Just carry out a few pails of hot water from the b'iler, and pour it into the tubs, and then come in and carry out the clothes for Matilda—she's gone upstairs for the men's things."

John did as told. He carried out the hot water, found the tubs, which were covered with close-

fitting lids, emptied the water as directed, and then went to the house for a huge bundle of bedroom linen, the same he had brought downstairs in the morning. Mrs. Goodrich now asked him to carry some water from the rain-water tanks, which were so placed as to receive the water from the roof, and to put two pails of cold water and one of warm in the tubs.

John obeyed, and then began the real business of soaking clothes.

"You see," Mrs. Goodrich explained, "these things stay in soak till Monday mornin', and then there's nothin' to wash—the dirt's all soaked out of them."

Now the soiled linen was sorted and separated, after which, the cleaner things, well soaped, were put to soak in one tub or vat, the more soiled things in another. If any stain or spot was found when looking over the linen, John noticed that it was carefully rubbed before being put to soak with the other clothes, and a small tub was brought out in which all kitchen cloths were put, after the process of soaping and rubbing.

"One thing," John said, "seems so odd, that with all the work you do, and although all the things in your kitchen are washed and scrubbed, yet your cloths seem scarcely dirty."

"That's only as it should be, Mr. Brown," said the housekeeper; "things should be washed clean,

and if they are, why there's nothing to wipe off. You may go over every cookin' utensil in my kitchen, (when they're not in use,) inside and out, with a clean cloth, and you won't soil it, because everything is scrubbed clean with *soap* and hot water. I had an English girl here once, when Matilda Jane was sick with bronchitis. Well, bless *me* if the girl didn't wash her dishes in half cold water, and wipe 'em without rinsin'. Of course, she wiped everything into her dish towel, and it was so dirty and greasy before she had finished half the things, that the dishes were all smeared over. I soon set that right. You see with our close stoves and ranges we don't need to get our pots and kettles very bad, and we always keep the outside clean with a scrubbing brush. My mother used to take pride in saying that her kitchen cloths and towels were just as white as her other towels, and I guess that was saying a good deal."

"I see how it all is," John said. "You are prosperous and happy here because you make such homes for those dependent upon you. No man would leave a home like this to spend his time in a beastly tap-room, where every pleasant word, aye, every word that's not brutally insulting, is paid for by the money that should go to feed and clothe himself and those belonging to him. Why, I've been to places where every sight, sound, and smell were too horrible to describe, and yet men

had to be pushed from the door when their money was spent, reluctant to go to the place they called home, which was ten times worse. Oh, if my poor friends at home could only be taught how to work and how to live."

"Well, Mr. Brown, they never will be taught, that's my opinion. They must teach themselves; and they never will do that till they get interested in their own welfare; and from what you tell me, that won't happen while you take care of them. Why, la me! Mr. Brown, supposin' we brought our children up without education, and taught them that, whatever happened, we'd take care of them; and whenever they got tired wanderin', why they'd always find a home ready to receive them; and if they got sick, a doctor to cure them, and nurses to tend them, how many of 'em do you think would work, and practise self denial to save their money and get a home of their own? Why, it's my opinion there'd be mighty few new houses. Well, from what you tell me, poor folks in your country ain't educated, and grow up, knowin' that they'll be provided for whether they work or not. If they get ill, they've a comfortable place to go to, nurses and doctors to tend them, and no questions asked. If the result of their miserably degraded lives appears in their children, there's a home provided for every disease *they* may inherit. The deformed and the incurable are removed from their parents'

sight, who go on uninterrupted in their course. When you send these people out here, at first they nearly sink under the responsibility of themselves. They are as helpless as babies, and mourn after their soup-kitchens and poor-houses, as the Israelites mourned after the flesh-pots of Egypt. But work they must, and as every kind of labour is wanted here, and most folks have more than they can themselves do, we are obliged to take what we can get in the way of help, and teach and educate these people how to work and take care of themselves ; and I must say, I never saw anyone more careful of their money than these very people are when they have earned it. They become regular misers, and you'll see 'em going about in rags at first, because they won't spend their money on clothes. After a while their children go to school, and see how others in the same position of life live and dress, and they bring pressure to bear on the question, and their parents begin to dress and live like other folks. Well, the women are dirty and *shiftless*,* and live like pigs till they've been here a spell. They don't know how to work more'n Queen Victoria, and they'd be content to go on livin' the same as ever, but that the men find this precious money they have worked so hard for goes much further where the wife knows how to

* New England term for thriftless.

manage, and he determines that his money shall be administered in the same way ; so he growls and grumbles till she learns first one thing and then another. You see, they can't very well get drink here ; and if they did drink, nobody'd employ them ; and if they do no work they must starve. So after a while things right themselves, and they make pretty good citizens. But we mainly depend upon the second generation ; they have education, and make good workers."

"Well," John said, "our people at home are going to be compelled to educate their children now ; perhaps things will be better."

"Perhaps so," Mrs. Goodrich said ; "but it seems to me that a little book learnin' won't do much for people so uncivilized. The children have to live in filthy homes, and return from school to these homes, and to savage parents and surroundings. The little book learnin' they get ain't goin' to raise them above and beyond the example, and the only course of life known by those around them. And it seems to me, Mr. Brown, that you're puttin' a candle in the hands of poor prisoners, only to show them the horrors of the prison they don't know how to escape from."

"Well, ma'am," John said sadly, "it does seem so ; but the people are doing all for the best. I suppose there's no way of doing good to the old ; and they hope to benefit the young"

“Of course, Mr. Brown, “it’s a difficult question, and would require the best common sense in the land to treat it ; but, as you say, them as might help out the difficulty, are too busy with foreign matters ; and I suppose the disease must go spreadin’ from one generation to another, till it infects all classes, and then there’ll probably be a revolution, and every one ’ll fly to arms, and fight for something quite foreign to the thing they want ; but there’ll be men then, that ’ll set themselves to work to find out what caused the confusion—and they *will* find it out—and, perhaps, from the ruins of great prosperity a structure will grow up, supported by every individual in the kingdom, and that will stand to the end. A great American statesman said, when we were formin’ our Government ‘here long ago : ‘Let every brick in our capital represent the interests of a citizen. If one brick falls out of its place, it may weaken the edifice, but it is useless itself ; it has fallen from the dignity of helping to support a great structure, and it lies weak and alone.’ That kind of sentiment, Mr. Brown, possessed all our fathers when they formed our constitution ; and so long as that principle was acted on, we were great and strong, but some bricks fell out of our structure lately, and considerably weakened the buildin’, but it didn’t come down, and the bricks have lain just where they fell, for every

one to trample upon, and *they* ain't no account whatever."

"I can't see," John said, "what any one had to complain of in this country, where every man can take just whatever place he has earned, and keep it, too, if he deserves."

"Well, it is mighty hard to understand the Southern war. Some said it was interests that clashed ; some said it was a matter of honour, the South felt called on to defend. For my part, I think it was a little of both ; and the mainsprings that kept the machinery of revolution a-goin' was party. You see, when there was a President, that favoured the policy of the South, no matter how good a man he was, the other party did all they could to harass him ; and when the North elected a man favourable to some of their strongest policies, why the South began the same game. If the President tried to take a moderate view of things, both parties fixed their eyes upon him to watch every move he made. If his decision leaned a little to the South, our folks were up in arms. 'We elected him,' they said ; 'and he has betrayed us.' If he thought the North right, and leaned towards some measure of their representatives, the South cried out that their interests were overlooked, and that the President was naturally partial to those who had voted him to the White House. I've so often heard, whilst Buchanan was in office,

that there was no President for the North, and no justice ; and I've heard Southerners say the very same thing. So they both hampered the Executive, till at last they broke out in open fight, and a good thing too. It cost us blood, and money, and friends ; but it must have come, sooner or later, and so it's well over. We've saved our children from trouble, that was bound to come."

John did his best to follow and understand the conversation, but much of it was difficult, and some quite beyond his comprehension.

"It is the strangest thing in the world," he said, "that you understand so much about everything here. Why, ma'am, you know as much politics as a Member of Parliament."

"I ain't no politician, Mr. Brown ; but you can't help understandin' of things if they touch your interests ; and whatever affects this country, affects every man and woman in it."

"Well, I suppose the same thing might be said of us," John remarked, "yet I doubt if many people belonging to our class know or care anything about the country, or what becomes of it, or care whether they have an interest or no."

"Ah, Mr. Brown, that's because some one else takes the responsibility off your shoulders. You are interested in your country, and affected by all that concerns her, just as much as our children are in us ; but you don't know it, or feel responsibility

no more than they do. You see, *we* have to take a part in the management of our affairs ; but as we can't all have a voice, we elect the man who has most interest in us, and send him to Washin'ton to speak for us."

"I think, ma'am, in England, we vote for whatever side pays best ; and as for electing a man because he is interested in our wants, I never heard that even promised by them that asked the vote."

"But, Mr. Brown, I understood bribery was unlawful in your country, and that, if discovered to have been used in the election of a member, they disfranchised the whole district."

"Well, I've heard that too, ma'am, and I don't know much about it—but this I do know, that it cost the member for our part of the world four thousand pounds to get in ; and I know some fellows that had a vote, and a man said to them that the opposing candidate had not spent five hundred pounds, whilst his man had spent four thousand at the last election, and they all declared they wouldn't give a vote to a mean five-hundred-pounder. If there was no bribery, how was the money spent?"

"It looks like it, don't it? Now, Mr. Brown, these things are done ; and I guess Matilda Jane'll think I've gone crazy to stay here Saturday afternoon talkin' politics. Thank you very much for your help."

And Mrs. Goodrich got up from the doorstep where she had seated herself some minutes before, whilst John covered the vats, and put some things laying about the little yard in their proper places.

They entered the kitchen together, and found Matilda Jane busy as usual cleaning and tidying up everything.

"Well, ma," she said, "I thought you and Mr. Brown were going to do the washing to-day. Why you've been nearly an hour putting the things to soak."

"Well, I never—I declare I shouldn't a believed it! You see, Mr. Brown is so funny, and takes such an interest in everything, that it's a real pleasure to explain everything to him, as far as one knows."

"I think Mr. Brown's going to start a rival boardin-house, ma, and is stealing our trade. We must take care not to let him into any more of our secrets."

"Well, I guess he's had a pretty good lesson since he enlisted in this service, and I don't think there's much more to learn."

"No," John said, "only the washing on Monday. I shall lose that, as I go to work, I hope, Monday morning."

"Where are you going to work?" Matilda asked.

"I hope on some buildings. Tim Pearson thinks he'll be able to get me a job."

"You'll be lucky to get work this time of year," Mrs. Goodrich said ; "and I hope you'll get something through the winter, though, they do say, trade's dull, and times are bad."

"Yes, ma'am, I'm rather fretting about that. It would be hard on me in a strange country if I don't get constant work. If I'd known this about work being scarce, I would have stayed in England till the spring. I ought to have thought of it, and made inquiries before I came. But I only thought of one thing, and that was to get away."

"Yes, it is a mistake for folks to come out here without some capital ; even in the spring trade's sometimes dull, and folks hadn't ought to come to a strange country till they know all about the business they're goin' to follow there. I suppose now, the climate of England is so mild that you work there summer and winter?"

"Oh, yes," John said, rather hesitatingly. His experience could not support him in the assertion.

"Well, when you've got through the job you're goin' to work on, and if you can't find other work at once, take my advice and go right back, and work there till spring."

Poor John's heart sunk at this suggestion, and Matilda Jane came to his rescue, by saying that there was always much talk of hard times in the

fall, and that they sometimes had a most prosperous winter after the worst predictions.

John thanked her for the comfort her words gave him, and then being assured by Mrs. Goodrich that the time had arrived when his visit could not interfere with Mrs. Oakley's Saturday's work, he took his leave and went to call on the sister of his friend.

CHAPTER XXI.

HE found the house quite near his lodgings, not next door as Tim had said, but in a little street behind the greater one in which Mrs. Goodrich lived. There were many houses built alike in this street, all detached, all with tiny gardens enclosed by painted palings, and small iron gates which opened upon a gravel walk leading up to the door. On either side this entrance there was a prettily curtained window, screened with green Venetian blinds, which opened in the middle and folded back against the white wall. Everything bespoke a degree of comfort and even elegance very foreign to the residences of men of the same class in England.

John knocked, and was at once admitted by the mistress of the house, in whom it was difficult to recognise the strong, rosy Margaret Pearson of times past. Instead, a grave, middle-aged, quietly-dressed woman, in an accent quite foreign, bade him good day, and asked him to walk in.

"I don't know if this is Mrs. Oakley," John said ; and then the grave face brightened, and he was recognised.

"Tim promised to come in with you," she said, "or I should have known you at once. You are little changed, and I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you very much, ma'am," John said. "If it had not been for you I shouldn't have been here. I owe everything to you and Tim. It was reading your letter to Tim that first put the notion into my head, and I never lost sight of it till I carried out my plan."

"Well, John," Margaret said, "with so much determination and perseverance, you are bound to get on here, but I can't think why you did not get on at home. With Tim, everything like that is different. He wants pushing; and from what I heard I knew he would do no good, without someone to plan and push him on. But you have shown wonderful determination, and we (Tom, Tim, and me), are very sure you will get on in this country. But I must give you some tea. I keep to our English habit of having my tea in the afternoon when my work's done."

And Margaret took a cup and saucer from the cupboard, which John would have mistaken for a bookcase or cabinet, from its glistening glass panels, and brightly polished frame and sash.

"I rather thought you would have come in yesterday evening, and Tom would have gone for you, but that he has a meeting to attend on Friday

evenings, and when he came home is too
late."

"I would have come in," John said, "but I thought to wait for Tim, and when he came he could only stay a few minutes, and then Mrs. Goodrich asked me to sit with her and her family in the evening."

"And didn't allow you to be idle, I'll be bound," Margaret said. "Mrs. Goodrich presses all available help into her service."

"But," said John, "what a wonderful woman she is ! I couldn't have believed it possible for two women to get through the work they do."

"Yes," Margaret replied, "they do a great deal ; but Mrs. Goodrich is making a fortune, and will soon retire, I should think."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Oakley," John said, "you can tell me how it is that a fortune can be made, or even a family like hers fed and clothed, by the price she charges for board, when she gives us such food. Why, I find that most things are dear here as they are in England, but if I lived there in the way I am living now, it would cost me a fortune."

"Well, John, I used to wonder just as you do at these things, but I know all about it now. If I was back in England again, Tom and I could live there on his earnings, just as well as we live here, and we would go back but just for one thing, for

this climate is hard upon us both ; the winters are long and bitterly cold, and the summers are excessively hot. Tom has good pay now, and steady work, but the first year we came here we had only four months' work out of the twelve. That was before he got into the shops. Well, I didn't know how to work and manage then as I do now, and the wages Tom had saved soon went, and I had to go out washing and doing chores, till warm weather came round again, and Tom got to work. Going into houses I soon saw how the American housekeeper managed, and I learned to do the same, and now I believe I could live better in England than here. But what I couldn't stand would be the position I should there take as a working man's wife. Here, the working classes are educated, and though they are not all *smart*, there are none vulgar, and if a man amongst them has natural ability, he may rise to any position, and the education he has been able to obtain fits him to fill it. Since I've been here, a working machinist has been raised to be Governor of this State, and I believe we have seldom had a cleverer. And, you know, one of our late Presidents had been a rail splitter, and he filled his position with honour, which is acknowledged by all countries. Well, we know that if these men had not been educated, they never could have reached such high positions, and we also know, that everything is open to those who are fit for the

place, without reference to birth, or the pursuit by which we gain our bread. So everyone tries to get an education, and all educate their children."

"Well," John said, "I don't think I should care much for the company I should keep, or for position, if I had everything around me as comfortable as you have it here."

"Oh yes, you would, John, you are not different to other human beings, or above their wants and weaknesses. Pride of position, and an ambition to go always higher, influences every class of civilised society. When a man loses millions, and comes down to thousands, it isn't the loss of comforts he mourns. What he has left would probably secure him every comfort; but it's the position he held amongst the wealthy that he misses. When a father hesitates to give his daughter to a man who cannot surround her with the grandeur of her own home, it is not that he thinks she will want for the common comforts of life. It is because of the position she may lose by it. It is because he expects her to go on *always higher*. Well, over here, we have this same ambition, and it gives energy to all our actions. But, without education, our ambition would be fatal to happiness. We would only recognise the place we most wished for, and the impassable barrier between us and its attainment."

"But cleverness and education would raise a man in England," John ventured.

"Yes, I suppose so," Margaret replied; "but unless he had also wealth, his life would be quite isolated. Amongst those of his own class there would be none whose society would give him satisfaction, and in the garments of a working man, how could he mingle with the purple and fine linen of higher life? Here, he has companionship in those with whom his lot is cast, and though he may be on the highest round of the ladder, others are treading closely on his footsteps, and are looking up to him with pride, and for a helping hand."

"Those who rise like that," John said, "are, I suppose, educated from their infancy. It would be of little use now for a man to try to get much higher than respectable independence, unless he had been taught well when he was young."

"I don't think," Margaret answered, "that book learning has so much to do with education here as in other countries. You see, in England, a poor man must get all his help from books; the people around him cannot even understand his wants, and his poverty and position prevent his seeking aid from those above him. Here he is associated with educated people; and the schooling he received as a boy, serves as a foundation, upon which, by experience, he builds up an education, assisted by thought, and the ideas of those around him. Tom and I study together; but what would be the use of it, if we never met others acquainted

with the same subjects? I'm not saying that it wouldn't be a pleasure to ourselves, to be able to discuss things we've learned together, but think of the loneliness of our lives, if we never met those whose minds were as far advanced as our own."

"But," John said, "you all seem to live here like ladies and gentlemen. Every one speaks to every one else, as 'Mr.,' or 'Mrs.,' and 'Miss.' Your houses and your dress are as good as the best, and yet you work hard as any poor people I ever saw. I can't understand how you get the time for book learning, and conversation, and study. You have none of the marks of labour about you."

"Well, John, I have thought out that too, and I believe that the marks you see in our poor at home are the marks of poverty of food, of hard beds, and cold firesides, from youth to age; and that a man well fed, well clothed, with a comfortable home to return to when his day's work is done, and a warm bed and fresh air to sleep in, may work from youth to old age without showing at the last a single mark of labour. Why, when I was a girl in service at home, I lived with a gentleman who had two sons. For three months in the year the three were up every morning as soon as daylight would let them, and away they went hunting or shooting. With the last day of hunting they went to a place they had on the river and put themselves in

training for rowing races. When that season was over (and during it they were never in bed after three o'clock in the morning), then off they would go to Norway, with a hut and a boat, and there they remained, roughing it, and fishing, till they returned to shoot on the moors of Scotland. And year after year it was the same. They worked harder than any labourer I ever knew, but there were no marks of labour about them. They never had a day's illness. Well, it's much the same here with the working classes. They live well, and as they are their own masters do no more work than their health and constitution will allow. And all take pride and pleasure in their work. My house, and the management of my husband's money, give me just as much pleasure and interest, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds in the affairs of state and the administration of the people's money."

"And a beautiful home you have, and you are right to be proud of it. There seems only one side to your life here, and that is all sunlight."

"Oh, no, John, there you are mistaken. You know, some roots and herbs won't transplant, and it's the same with some of us. We can't take root here, and go on in our healthy state. The climate is just the reverse of the climate in England, and many of us suffer terribly from it. It seems to take all the spirit out of one. It's either bitterly cold

or scorching hot, and many of us never have a day of the old perfect health. Sometimes I so long for the mild climate and the green fields and hedges of dear old England that I forget everything else and wish myself back again."

"I suppose it comes easier to your children that are born here. They get used from their birth to the climate."

"Oh, yes," Margaret replied, in a voice so sad, that John regretted the remark. "Oh, yes, the children get on better when there *are* children. It is one of the strangest things here, John, that so few people have children. If it wasn't for the constantly arriving emigrants I think the people would disappear entirely. And the few that have children are not generally amongst the prosperous and well-to-do. Why, you'll see here frequent advertisements in the papers by people wanting children for adoption. And there's not a village or street that you won't find many of these adopted children being brought up according to the means and position of those who adopt them, as if they were their own."

"That's very strange, Mrs. Oakley. I must write to my old master in England and tell him this. He once told me there was a theory, believed in by many, that if the whole people became prosperous the population would increase so much beyond the increase of food, that starvation would

be the consequence. Here you have a result just the reverse of that doctrine."

"Yes, indeed. It's the Will of God, I suppose, that we should not have everything we wish in this life, so that the wrench is not so great when we come to leave it. But to change the subject. I hope you will get a job of work on the buildings Tim has been telling me of. It is such a very bad time for you to have come to America. The fall work will cease out of doors now soon, and the shop hands are already beginning to talk about the *boss* knocking off the new hands. You are lucky to get a job, and you will, I am sure, excuse my giving you a little advice, as you are a stranger, and that is, to save every penny of your earnings, after paying your board and washing, for the winter is long and cold, and you may be idle for months. I am not a bit afraid for you once you get a fair start, for, from your letter to Tim, and the way you have persevered in coming out here, I feel sure you will overcome more than ordinary difficulties."

At this moment Tim came in, and announced to John the joyful news that he was to begin work on the Monday morning. Then Tom Oakley came home, and John passed a pleasant hour with his old friends.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next morning our friend awoke at the usual hour, and became immediately aware that a great change had taken place in the house. Everything was still as midnight, and yet he knew, from a neighbouring clock, that the usual hour for the men to be called had arrived. He dressed and went down stairs: silence there also. In the kitchen the fire had been lighted, but there was no other evidence that anybody was up in the house. He went into the street. What a change since yesterday! The click of the mills, the clang of the anvil, the shriek of the steam whistle, had ceased. All Lowell was at rest. The day had come toward which ten thousand working men and women, from forge and furnace, and from shuttle and loom, had for six days looked forward. The day of rest and recreation, the New England Sabbath, had begun; and in no other country that I have ever seen (and I have seen many) is the Sabbath observed so rationally and so in accordance with the spirit of the law. The Sunday in New England means perfect rest; rest for the

body and for the mind. Every provision against the necessity of work is made on the Saturday, and devised with such niceness that no one may feel the loss of a single comfort. In the morning gatherings at church, friendly intercourse, and pleasant exercise, the day is passed. There is no work done which may, without interfering with comfort, be left undone. There are no entertainments allowed which call men and women together to sit in bad air, and get their brains excited and their bodies weakened. The hour for rising is later, and that for retiring earlier on the Sabbath than during the six days of work, and the labourer goes to his task on the Monday refreshed both in body and mind.

Our friend John took a short stroll in the deserted streets, and then returned to the house, where he found Miss Goodrich preparing the breakfast. Some of the boarders came down, then others, until all were assembled.

The dining-room looked bright and comfortable, and the men, all dressed in their Sunday suits, were as respectable a gathering as one could see. The landlady soon came in with her coffee-urn, and her daughter and son brought in an unusual number of dishes.

On Sunday morning the breakfast was an hour later than usual, and continued nearly half an hour longer. There was a special Sunday morning dish,

which is not peculiar to the working-man's breakfast-table, but is the standing Sunday morning dish in every household in New England. This is called Boston brown bread, and is only superseded late in the autumn by the equally popular buckwheat cakes.

The brown bread is made of corn meal sifted, rye flour sifted, and wheaten flour neither sifted nor separated from the brown outer husk. The bread is made in the usual way, is sometimes sweetened with molasses, and baked over-night in a brick oven. It is dark in colour, soft, light, and moist, and is quite unequalled by any other bread for sweetness and nutriment. It is eaten hot, and nearly always accompanied on the breakfast-table with baked pork and beans; and upon this occasion, though there were numerous other dishes, scarcely anything but these, with coffee, was touched by the breakfast party. There was an unusual amount of conversation between the men, and all seemed to be going to church. One man said he was going to hear a famous preacher from another state, and many opinions were expressed concerning his ability as a *speaker*, and comparisons were made to other preachers who were to hold forth at the various churches. Mrs. Goodrich asked John what church he went to, and her daughter smiled at his answer, that he had not been to any church yet in Lowell.

"What church did you attend at home, Mr. Brown?" Matilda asked.

"I did not often go to any church at all," John said, blushing at the confession; "but when I did go, I mostly went to St. James's, which was in our neighbourhood. The clergyman was very kind to the old w——, to my mother, and she made me go sometimes."

"I suppose," Mrs. Goodrich said, "you are Episcopalian; nearly all your folks are."

John had never known that he was anything with such a long name, but he didn't venture to contradict.

"We are Baptists," Mrs. Goodrich continued, "that is, I am, but Matilda Jane goes to the Congregationalist church, and Nathaniel, he likes the Episcopalians; I reckon it's the music there he goes for. I went once, and the preacher *was* slow."

John made choice of a religion on the instant, and inquired most particularly about the Congregationalists. All that Miss Goodrich told him increased his interest in a wonderful manner, till at length he declared his intention of learning more by going to that church. Then the young lady could do no less than invite him to go with her, and he went away after breakfast in the seventh heaven of delight, escorting the fair Matilda Jane, whose dress and general appearance rivalled in his eyes any of the grand ladies he remembered to

have seen going to church on Sunday morning with footmen carrying their prayer-books.

The church was small but very pretty, and quite full of a most attentive and respectful congregation. And the preacher, a venerable man, said words of encouragement and support to his congregation of working people, and sympathizing deeply with their life of toil, showed an intimate acquaintance with their trials and temptations and gave them promises of reward, here and hereafter. The service consisted of a simple prayer of thanksgiving, a beautifully sung hymn, and the sermon, and the congregation was dismissed, certainly better and happier men and women for the comforting words they had heard. John listened, and was impressed as he had never been before in a church. There had been no long or wearisome explanation of doctrinal points. No sectarian teachings or rendering of the Bible. The preacher might have been protestant or papist for aught one could gather from his sermon ; but of one thing all who listened felt sure, that he was the earnest sympathizing friend of the people who had come to hear him, and that he studied how best to counsel and comfort them according to their wants.

When our friends reached the street after the benediction, they found it full of people returning from the various services, which all seemed to terminate at the same hour.

Everybody in Lowell appeared to have been to church, and, for once, the people were not in a hurry. All were respectably, and, nearly all, elegantly dressed; neighbours met and chatted as they walked, and friendly greetings and gossip were exchanged. Miss Goodrich seemed to know everybody, and John felt at times *de trop*, and at times furiously jealous, as young women or young men joined their party and monopolized his fair companion. They met Tom Oakley and his wife at different parts of the street, for Tom and Margaret, united on other subjects, differed in their religious views. Mrs. Oakley had remained steadfast to the creed of her fathers, and walked a long distance every Sunday to mass, whilst her husband had, with his new life in the western world become a convert to Methodism, and sang Glory Hallelujah with great fervour at the weekly meetings.

At home John found awaiting them a cold dinner, but a very good one. Cold meats, vegetable salads, cold bacon and beans, bread of every description, potted meats, tarts, cheese, and stewed fruit, and cider sauce, composed the meal.

"On Sundays Lowell takes a cold dinner, Mr. Brown," Mrs. Goodrich said; "I hope you don't mind it."

"No," John said; "I wish I was always sure of so good a meal."

The party broke up after dinner, and John was

allowed to assist the two women in "clearing up."

The afternoon was passed pleasantly. Our friend was invited, and accompanied Mrs. Goodrich and her daughter to visit some places of interest, and then they took a long drive in a street car quite to the far end of Lowell. Glimpses of the country caught as they neared the environs of the town were extremely beautiful. At this time of year, early in October, the American foliage begins to blend into the soft beautiful browns which precede the more gorgeous tints of November, and a vapoury haze hangs over mountain and plain. In the Northern States I think the months of June and October far the most delightful. In June there is a freshness, a youth, in all growing things. The cold binding winter is entirely banished (and only *just* banished from some of the Northern Hills), and early summer bursts upon the world with all her youth and beauty. Vegetation springs into life; every leaflet is tender and green; every flower seems just blown; soft breezes come from the west and south, tempering the sun's fierceness, and delightful showers fall, refreshing and nourishing young summer's tender plants. The early autumn is scarcely less beautiful. First, the deep ripe greens turn to soft shades of brown. There is a haze in the atmosphere, which gives all sunlit things a purple tinge; gradually as the month

moves on and the nights become colder, the brown leaves begin to vary in tone to brighter colouring. The haze softens all distant outlines. The sun shines, as it were, through a glass, painted in soft colours. The foliage of the oak, the elm, and the sycamore deepens and deepens, and the sugar-maple, the birch, and the larch flash out their glory of scarlet and gold. A curious stillness prevails in this season, which is called Indian summer. It is the very twilight of the year. The birds know the night is coming and cease their songs.

This was the season when the Northern Indian provided deer's flesh and fish for the early winter. Now the squaw looked to her family moccasins and blankets, dried her venison and fish, and piled her faggots around the wigwam; and the early settlers learnt these lessons of the savages, and handed down to their successors the habit, at this season, of drying, curing, preserving, flesh, fish, and fruit for the winter to come. It is during this late summer time that the housekeeper puts down in earth-bins potatoes and other vegetables. Now she salts her beef and pork, dries and preserves fruit, makes her apple sauce, and fills her coal-cellar or wood-yard. The summer, brief though it be, is most bountiful, and everything is cheap and plentiful in this early autumn; and it is by this forethought and provision against the cold winter

(when traffic in vegetables and fruit would be impossible) that Mrs. Goodrich manages to give her boarders the delicious food we have helped her to prepare. She buys everything when it is most plentiful, and knows how to preserve all so as to enjoy them bountifully when most scarce in the market.

I have left the good woman too long, and now find her making tea for her large family after a pleasant excursion to some of the suburbs with our friend John Brown.

Always seeing new things on Mrs. Goodrich's table, he was not surprised to hear some of the men ask for "pudding," though he thought it a strange tea dish. Bent on discovery, however, he also asked for pudding, and was served with some yellow-looking batter in a soup plate; a jug of milk was passed to him, and he poured some in with the pudding, as he observed others doing. Then he tasted it, and he wished he hadn't. It was a soft, warm, yielding substance without taste, and our poor friend nearly strangled trying to swallow the spoonful. One trial was enough; he looked with envy upon the men who could and did eat it, for was not the fair Matilda Jane supping off this otherwise uninteresting dish, but *he* never repeated the experiment. He learnt that it was called "mush," thought the name appropriate, and left it to the enjoyment of others.

Monday morning, at a very early hour, John was dressed, and, with some uneasiness as to his acquirements when compared with American workmen, he hurried away after breakfast, and was at the foreman's office, and waiting to be "taken on," when the "Boss" arrived. His name and address of his lodgings having been taken down, he was told his work, and began at once tending bricklayers. He found a good deal of difference between the American and the English method of laying bricks. In England a man may only lift and lay one brick, whilst in America the bricklayer used both hands, and laid nearly a double number in a given time. John's business was to supply bricks and mortar to two bricklayers, and though these materials were brought up by pulleys, and his business was simply to follow the men with them, he found it was as much as he could do. The rapidity and the steadiness of the workmen surprised him, and he was nearly dead with fatigue when the bell rang for 12 o'clock. Until that moment he and the two men he served worked without a single moment's cessation, and now when the bell rung the masons dropped their trowels and hurried down the ladder as if there was not a single moment to lose in the pursuit of some pressing object.

"I wonder if they have an interest in the works?" John thought to himself. "They couldn't work harder if the buildings belonged to them." Then

the thought struck him ; was it not right that a man should work for his employer as he would work for himself? Yes, he acknowledged it certainly was right, but he had never seen it done before. Tired as he was he hurried home, that he might have as much of the brief hour allowed them at his lodgings as possible. He went upstairs to his little room, washed, and descended to dinner, which had never seemed so good before. A new dish, by way of sweet, followed the more substantial things, and John thought it better than anything he had before eaten. He was surprised to find that it had been prepared from the despised mush left the preceding evening. So surely as "mush" is made for supper on Sunday evening, so surely does fried "mush" appear on the New England Monday morning breakfast or the Monday dinner-table ; and the second addition is infinitely preferable to the first. The pudding, when warm and soft, is put into a mould or basin, and when it becomes firm is sliced and fried in butter to a nice brown. It is eaten generally with maple syrup, or butter and brown sugar, and is very good and wholesome.

"I suppose," John said to Mrs. Goodrich, as he lingered behind the other men to have a few moments' talk with his kind hostess and her daughter, "I suppose you have your washing all done now?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "we had everything on

the line by half-past ten this morning. The principal part of the washing was done when you had your breakfast."

"Was it really, ma'am? When did you get up this morning, then?"

"We always get up at four o'clock on washing days, and that's why we always wash on Mondays. You see we have rest on Sunday, and get to bed early on Sunday night, so we can get up and be none the worse for it on Monday. We had a larger wash than usual to-day, too, nearly eighteen dozen pieces. But how did you like your work to-day?"

"Well, ma'am, to tell you the truth, I was dreadfully tired. I never saw men work like those I served to-day, and they never stopped a moment."

"Well, you see, Mr. Brown, the season is late now for building, and unless they get the house closed in before the frost comes, it would be a terrible loss to the builder, because nothing can be done during the winter, unless the buildings are sufficiently advanced to have lights and fires in them. The men know this, and that is why they hurry on the work."

John thought the master's impending danger of loss would do little toward hurrying on the employés in England, but he said nothing more, and hurried away to his work.

The masons were before him when he reached the upper storey, where the work was going on, but

they had not yet commenced. It wanted a few moments of the hour, but all were preparing for work ; and before the bell rung for one o'clock, the bricklayers began, and John of course began to serve them. The same rapid movement and unceasing work went on during the afternoon until three o'clock, when the builder himself came up the ladder and stood amongst them. Then there was a few moments' cessation as he moved from one party of men to another ; all spoke cheerfully and pleasantly to him, and when he came to the men whom John served, they laid aside their trowels and asked him how he thought they were getting on.

"Wonderfully," he said, "I never saw men do so much work as you have done in the time. I guess we will be ready for the first frost when it comes ; though I really felt uneasy the beginning of last week."

"Oh !" one of the bricklayers said, "we shall finish easily by the 1st of November, perhaps before."

"You are the new hand !" the master said to John.

"Yes, sir."

"You have just come over, the foreman tells me. Have you served masons or bricklayers before ?"

"Yes, sir. I did little else in England."

"I guess Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Bunbridge give you about enough to do, don't they?"

"They do indeed, sir," John replied, feelingly.

"Well," one of the masons answered, "we ain't often served so well as we have been to-day; I can say that."

John felt grateful for the kind word from his fellow workman, and the misgivings he had in the morning entirely disappeared before such praise and encouragement. He worked with less fatigue the next day, and the third scarcely felt any of the weariness of his first experience. The work was certainly hard, but when the working hours were over he had a comfortable house, cheerful society, and good food, and when the hours of rest came, he had a clean room, good air, and a soft bed to return to.

As the autumn advanced he felt the keen cold winds, but his health was perfect, and he had youth on his side to aid him in getting acclimatized. He joined a night school, and attended Saturday afternoon classes, and was gaining knowledge which would have been for ever shut out from him had not this change in his life made such knowledge desirable, and the fortunate circumstances of the place he had chosen made it attainable. When the buildings were finished upon which he had first been engaged, many of the employés went west and south. Their plans were made long before,

and they knew where work waited for them. This was fortunate for John ; he had gained the confidence and esteem of his employer, who kept him at work till late in the winter at good wages. Then there came what Mrs. Goodrich called a "slack spell," and John made the time pass pleasantly and profitably by devoting it to the fair daughter of his hostess. He had received, on an average, since he commenced work in October till February, a dollar and a half a day. His board and washing had cost him about three dollars a week. Having a good outfit when he arrived, his outlay in that respect had been trifling, and so it came to pass, that, when the slack spell came, he had a large sum of money saved. His energy and determination had won for him a good name, men predicted for him success, and the fair Matilda began to think him not beneath her consideration. Her mother had become really fond of the young foreigner who paid such attention to her opinions, and took such interest in her pursuits ; and when John ventured to make a formal proposal, when work had again begun and he was promised steady employment for some months, which warranted him, he thought, in taking so serious a step, he was accepted, and he felt from that moment that his career was determined, and that it was upward.

"The only drawback there is," he said to her mother, when he had been made the "happiest

man in the world," "is the thought that I am taking her from you. I don't see how you are to get on without her."

"Oh, I have thought of all that," the mother said, "I have worked hard enough, and the time has come now when I can rest. I shall sell the house and goodwill, and board along with you and Matilda Jane, if you will have me. I shall have plenty to pay my board with, it will help you, and make her a little more independent. Nathaniel will teach now that he's passed his examinations, and we shall get along comfortably enough. I can afford to furnish your little house for you, and perhaps do something more, but I sha'n't *promise* anything beyond the furnishing."

Now John felt assured that he would succeed; surely, he thought, his lines had fallen in pleasant places. Mrs. Goodrich carried out the arrangements precisely as she had decided to do—difficulties melted before this indefatigable woman, and soon our poor young friend, who had started away one cold March morning from Bees' Buildings, Blaque Court, in search of employment, who had met with discouragement and temptation to turn back, who had struggled against hereditary vice, and the terrible enemy alcohol, found himself in one short year a prosperous man, in possession of all a man should hold dear; a good wife and a happy home.

His experience is not unique. Many men both in England and America lay the foundation of their fortune within the first twelve months of their career. In these countries where labour of every kind is in demand, and is well paid for, a man has but to resolve that he will work constantly, save every penny he can spare from comfortable food and clothing, abstain altogether from beer or more intoxicating drinks, and he is sure to succeed. Such a life is most difficult to lead in England, where every temptation is placed before the poor man, and where he has least inducement to resist it. His home is generally comfortless; his wife is ignorant of the first rudiments of housewifery, of how best to prepare the food within her reach, and how best to keep her house clean and healthfully comfortable. The poor man's life becomes so utterly uninteresting, that the only happiness of his wretched existence is the oblivion of his condition which drink brings him.

In England every circumstance from his birth upward, tends toward idleness and intemperance, and their consequences, poverty and vice.

In America the inducements are towards respectability. The idle drunkard living in his wretched home, is without the companionship of other men; his wife is looked upon as unfit for the society of other women; he cannot find steady employment, and still must work at whatever he

can get, for if he spends his money in drink, there is no door open to him by which he can get bread. If he spends the money in drink, which should buy food for himself and his family, he and they must starve. He looks around him and sees those whose capital was like his own, only a pair of hands, living in comfort, and what appears to him, luxury. He tries their plan and he soon realises its value. If he continues temperate, he finds friends and companions in his fellow workmen, who would not have recognised the besotted creature he has been. He soon begins to take an interest in himself, finds out that he is of importance in the country, and that he has an interest in its government ; that he forms a spoke in the wheel, that he has a vote, and that *that* vote influences the circumstances of his life ; that he is one of the many who make up the power which moves the machinery of government, and he soon begins to study these political questions which influence his life. He must decide which way his vote is likely to serve the interests of himself and of his class. He discusses the matter with others, compares his opinion with theirs, goes to lectures and public speeches on the subject, and gets an education in the politics of his country, and takes care to give his vote and his support to the man who has shown himself best acquainted with, and best qualified to discuss questions which most concern the wants and interests of the voter. All

these things our friend came to think of, and his life was formed by these influences ; but he could not put his thoughts into shape and write the knowledge he had gained to his old friends at home. His mind, though naturally superior, had not been trained by learning, and he could not follow or classify his thoughts so as to benefit others. Sometimes he heard lectures on political economy, and then he would try to adopt some special principle, and convey the knowledge to his fellow workmen at home, but in vain. He could not follow abstract questions of thought, nor explain them to others. The lives of those around him illustrated the true principles of political economy, and he understood what he saw, and framed his own life upon the model before him, but of the scientific laws and rules, though influenced by them, he knew nothing.

And now we will leave our emigrant, who, like thousands of others, had turned his back upon his native land without a regret or a wish to return. He had left his home without sacrificing a single interest. What is it to him that his is the richest, the most enlightened country in the world. The small portion of its wealth which came his way, he had been allowed by the peculiar institutions of his country and by the example of those about him to squander unprofitably—and what to him the boasted enlightenment? Only a word. No ray of it had penetrated the darkness of his home. Those

he had left behind were surely as low in the scale of civilisation as the same class in the least favoured countries of the world. In its prosperity and advancement he had no share, and in the length and breadth of his native land he owned no resting-place. So he went forth, and found amongst strangers the blessings denied by his own.

I SHOULD not like to close this little book without giving some proof of my statement, and belief, that the working man may support his family in comfort and respectability on the wages he now receives in England. The average wage now paid labouring men in London is 21s. per week, and in the country wages vary from 18s. to 20s. ; but the sum received in the country, though less, is made equal to the London wages by cheapness of rent.

Taking a hundred families, I find the average number of children to be three,* and to provide for them and two adults I have 21s.

First comes the item of rent, the heaviest draught upon the poor man's purse. For two small rooms or one large one the rent would be, in any central position, per week 5s. Next comes the item of firing: to keep the little stove going for warming, cooking, and washing purposes, 250 lbs. of coal at 20s. per ton, and 1s. worth of coke is quite sufficient. 250 lbs. of coal cost 2s. 6d.

* Forty-two children out of the 300 are earning their own livelihood, and twenty-six are quite old enough to be in service. This reduces the average number to 2'3.

These two essential items being secured, we come next to the staff of life, bread: 14 lbs. of best household flour will cost 1s. 10d.. Now we have passed the necessities, we come to the luxuries. We buy $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. best bacon at 9d. per pound, 1s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. good tea, 1s. 1d. ; $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. sugar, 3d. per lb., 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and 7 pints of milk at, alas, 5d. per quart, 1s. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. We have now given our family a house to live in, a fire to warm them and to cook their food, and bread, tea, with milk, sugar, and meat at least twice a week, and the cost is—

	£	s.	d.
Rent	0	5	0
Firing	0	3	6
Bread	0	1	10
Bacon	0	1	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tea	0	1	1
$2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. sugar	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
7 pints milk	0	1	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gas (or half gallon crystal oil)	0	0	6 to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 lb. soap 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., sand, &c., 3d.	0	0	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
	<hr/>		
	0	16	5

Thus we have furnished the family of five with abundance of the food to which they are accustomed, and we have 4s. 7d. remaining. But alas ! this is not the way the English working man spends his money. As a rule, the Saturday's pay is divided into two parts ; 10s. go to the wife to supply food for the week, and 11s. go to the public-

house keeper, and not a penny remains in the pocket of the labourer, when, on Monday morning, he returns to his work. The poor wife in the meantime buys her bread, paying the baker 50 per cent., buys her bit of meat *cooked*, and when the rent is paid, and the Sunday passed, she often has not wherewith to buy her children bread; and then begins the wearying struggle on the part of the poor mother. To earn a few shillings she becomes the charwoman, the huckster, or the beggar. She leaves her children to battle with cold and hunger as best they may, and goes away in search of the means of eking out her husband's miserable pittance. At night she returns to her wretched home, too weary to make it clean, even though she had the means and the inclination. The husband comes in ill-tempered from the effects of yesterday's debauch, the poor children bear the consequences of the situation; dirt and discomfort reign here supreme, where peace and plenty might be found.

Not having sufficient ready money to pay for the few necessities of life, the mother seeks credit at the small shops, and if she gets it, pays enormous profit to the dealer; and some way or other, these poor women do manage to pay their little debts. By what process of over-starving, over-working, Heaven only knows; but they do manage to pinch out of the already small allowance to themselves and children the means of paying those

who trust them. If these people were to live upon the same amount of food, and save the balance which now finds its way to the innkeeper, they would soon be independent. Bread and tea form the chief items of their daily food, and these cost the family of five about 5*s.* per week. They usually live in one room, however numerous their family may be, for which they pay 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*, and of all beyond these two items, every penny usually finds its way into the pocket of the beerseller.

The little coals they use are generally furnished by some society ; and if the calls of the husband be greater than usual, and more drink required, the family wants are supplied by the soup kitchens of the neighbouring convent or vicarage. The figures I have given for the purchase of the daily food of the workman's family, do not by any means show the most economical way of spending the money.

The American housewife would spend more in milk and vegetables, would use meal instead of flour, and would vary the item of meat with dried fish, eggs, etc. But the poor Englishwoman knows little of food beyond bread, tea, and bacon, and we have therefore only dealt with the provisions to which she is accustomed. Bread baked at home is a great saving, and is besides more wholesome and nutritious ; but bread cannot be baked without an oven, and here the poor housekeeper is much to be pitied. In America the cooking stove forms part

of every poor man's furniture, and no man or woman thinks of marrying, without the means of furnishing their abode, however humble it may be, with this and all other necessary articles or household utensils.

Here, the poor woman has generally only the small open grate, where baking is impossible except a loaf at a time in a covered iron pot, and where cooking of every sort is difficult. And yet I have met here in England with poor housekeepers who, with all the inconveniences of their homes, have made their families of seven or eight persons perfectly comfortable on much less than 21s. a week. The lives of such women are certainly without much sunlight, and their histories are pitiful stories of unceasing toil, patience, and self-denial. A few shillings added to their scanty income would make all the difference between scarcity and plenty. The slightest help is felt as a great relief—a lifting of the burthen which day by day weighs down and crushes out their youth and strength. But such people seldom get help. Independent or proud, they do not ask it, and the charitable pass them by, and give to the thriftless, the lazy, and the intemperate. The house of the hard-working, self-denying woman, is clean ; her children are clad in well-mended garments ; however scanty the food, it is well cooked and decently served. The visitor to her quarter, reports her “well to do,” and passes on

to the house where idleness and intemperance are rewarded by charitable consideration and relief.

There are many opportunities here in London of buying for cash very cheap food, which would still increase the balance saved from the 21s. In nearly every part of London there are benevolent fish-mongers (may they live and prosper) who sell good fresh fish, after a certain hour on the Saturday, at prices so reduced, that a few pennies may secure a comfortable meal for a family. The same thing may be said of fresh meat. I have seen a shin of beef sold to a poor woman at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb., weighing sufficient to make soup with vegetables for her family of five for a week, 10 lb., 2s. 1d. This with 1s. worth of vegetables, a couple of pounds of flour, with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. suet for dumplings, would give her family, of five one good meal a-day for a week, at a cost of, meat, 2s. 1d. ; flour, 4d. ; suet, $4\frac{1}{2}d.$; carrots, turnips, and onions, 1s. ; salt, pepper, &c., 1d.—Total 3s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ The usual price of shin of beef is 6d. to 7 $\frac{1}{2}d.$, but on Saturdays, after custom hours, butchers sell the bits and trimmings of joints at greatly reduced prices. Milk and vegetables are so dear and scarce, that one can but wonder at the farmers' complaint of low prices and bad markets ; 5d. per quart for milk is an absurd price when butter is sold for 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. per lb. The price of English butter is kept down by the importation from Ireland and Normandy ; but for our milk, we must

depend on home dairies, and the price is nearly double what it ought to be, when compared to the price of butter. It requires eight quarts of milk to make 1 lb. of fresh butter, and this at 5*d.* per quart would make our butter 3*s.* 4*d.* per lb., not counting the cost of making the butter. We want co-operation sadly in this kind of food—vegetables, fish, and milk—and when we have it the poor woman will be most comfortable who has 2*1s.* with which to provide for her family of five persons.

THE END.

